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THE MOWER IN OHIO.

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay:
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the air is so very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I can not hear
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swaths they sweep—
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so far from me—

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers go.

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking ahead!
William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long-run led.

William he was my youngest; John, between them, I somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettysburg, last July
(The mowing was over already, although the only mower was I):

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother; and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun—
It seemed his country claimed him then—as well as his mother her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thodsand miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that humm'd again in the air?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their "Onward to Richmond" there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem—
It may be I slept a minute, too, or wavered into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old with the strength in their arms unspent:

Tramping a steady tramp they moved like soldiers that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed the stone—

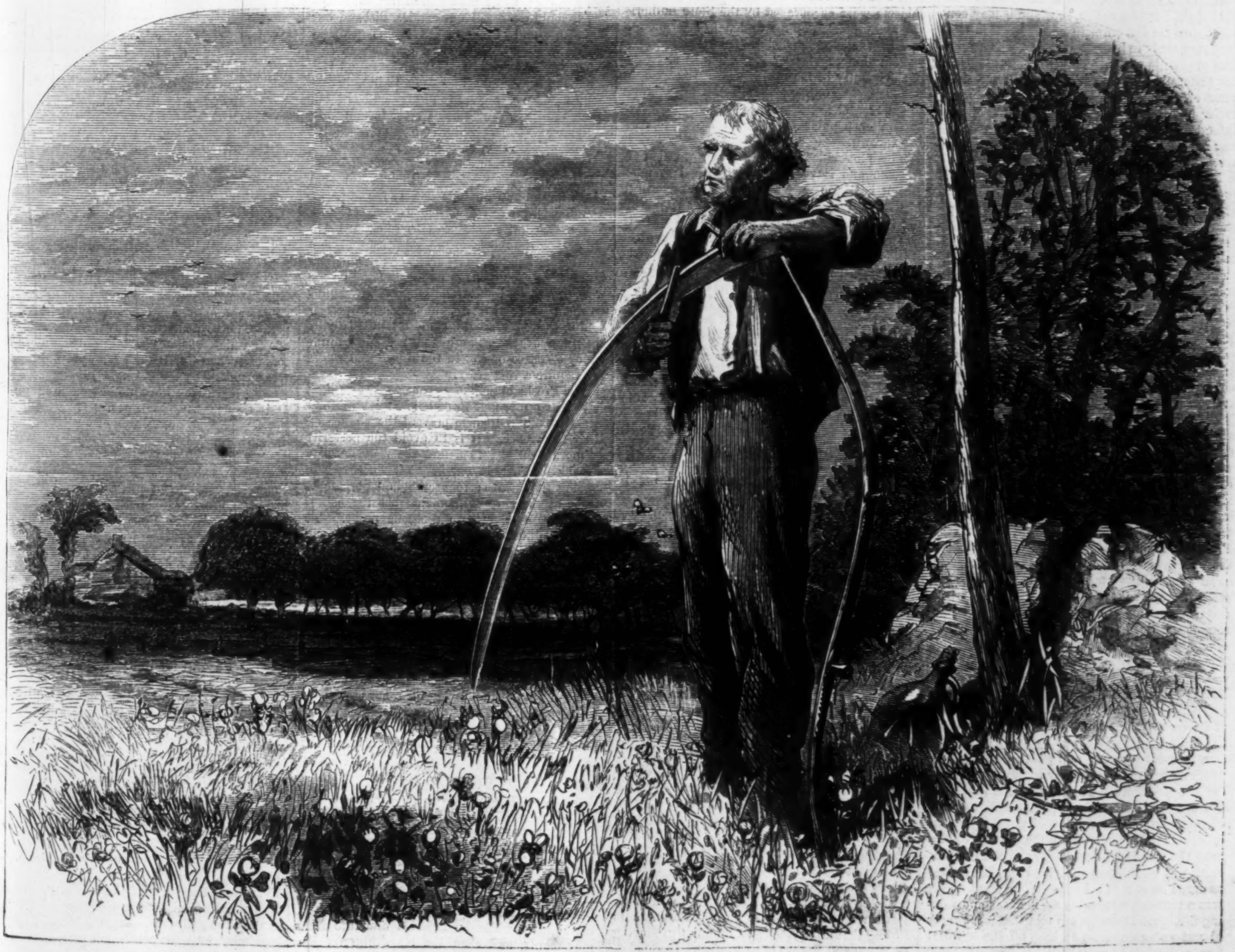
(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming toward me they beamed
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely I must have dreamed!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead;
There were three in my vision—remember, old man: and—what if Joseph were dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them both, to boot)
Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot!

Meantime alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat gray—
I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe—
But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.



TATTOO.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The moon sails high and wintry clear;
Her pale light falls on twinkling camps
That lie around me, far and near.
Near, like a village lit they seem,
For, like the fire-fly's fitful gleam.

Ah! many a thousand weary men
Are welcoming the restful night,
Glad that a day of toil or watch
Withdraws its labors with its light.
They but await the evening call
That shall release them from their thrall.

Hark! far away the sound begins—
One only lonely simple strain;
Then fife and drum and bugle-call
In tumult answer back again;
As when one bird at morn awakes
A chorus in the woods and brakes.

And all is still again. The ranks
Have answered to the evening call—
Come, O fair goddess Rest! and smooth
The rough beds of the soldiers all,
And Sleep, with softest fingers, close
The eyes that wake to watch our foes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 6, 1864.

THE PEACE BLONDINS AT NIAGARA.

The late Peace performance at Niagara Falls was not very mysterious. It was simply a movement of the rebels to help their friends the Copperheads. It was a notification, to whom it might concern, that if the Government of the United States were handed over to the friends of the rebels, then the rebels would lay down their arms. It was a confession that the rebel leaders are sorely pinched, that they foresee disaster, and that they are perfectly willing to have us give them by our votes the victory which they despair of obtaining by their arms.

The conduct of the President was simple and proper. Informed that there were accredited agents from the rebel chiefs who wished to treat of peace, he consented that they should visit Washington. But when they confessed that they had no authority whatever, the President, in order that there should be no apparent justification, even, of the assertion that he had refused to listen to overtures of submission from the rebels, issued a notice, to whom it may concern, that the Government of the United States is always ready to hear and consider any authorized proposition from the rebel leaders involving the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. To this the discomfited and self-appointed rebel agents reply in a manifesto intended to represent the President as an autocrat and a despot, etc., and expressing their own resolution never to submit to conquest, etc. It is interesting to learn from this paper that in a region where every man between fifteen and sixty-five is dragged into the ranks, and exempted soldiers are legislated back again to serve as long as they are wanted, there is no military autocrat; and that, in a section where the most hopeless terrorism universally prevails, social institutions, established constitutions, and priceless hereditary self-government are not overthrown, subverted, or bartered away. Mr. Clement Clay's letter is but a poor specimen of our own Copperhead orations and editorials. But it is not without value, for it shows to the dullest mind the perfect sympathy in sentiment between Copperheads and rebels.

It is suggested that the Constitution does not authorize the President to make any condition such as the abandonment of slavery. Those who say so honestly are mistaken. There may be a question of policy, which we think the President has rightly resolved; but there is no Constitutional question. The Constitution defines treason, authorizes making of war, appoints the President Commander-in-Chief, and authorizes the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases of rebellion and invasion. There is nothing in any of these provisions which deprives the Government of the right of exercising its common sense, or compels it to lay down its arms at the will of rebels or foreign enemies. The Government is the judge when a foreign war is over or a domestic rebellion quelled. Nor is there in the Constitution or in reason any obligation upon the Government to connive at its own destruction. The Government of the United States is bound by every consideration to secure peace; and peace is impossible while the active cause of war remains, watching for its opportunity. The cry that the President can not constitutionally require the destruction of that cause as a condition of peace is but another effort of the enemies of the country to prolong the war indefinitely. When the Government was established the cloud of slavery was as large as a man's hand. Four years ago it was a tempest, blackening the heavens and raining fire. And now we are told that it is proper to put up an umbrella to keep off the wet, but unconstitutional to erect a lightning-rod to draw the fire harmless to the ground. It is idle to shirk the vital point of the whole war, and imagine that peace can be made with slavery. To that point the public mind has advanced. If a truce should be called and the question opened for debate, the truce would soon disappear in fresh cannon-smoke. Liberty and slavery are fighting for and against this Government. Is he a wise man who affects to think that by omitting the name we can avoid the thing?

In the following article we propose to indicate briefly *why* Union and Liberty are henceforth identical.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

The war proves the essential antagonism between Slavery and national peace; but it is no less evident in the nature of things. Without freedom of speech and of the press a free popular government is impossible. The people of the United States, therefore, in their Constitution have forbidden Congress to abridge either of these rights; and what they would not suffer their supreme legislature to do, they will not permit to any local assembly. But nothing is plainer than that if Slavery exists freedom of speech and of the press must be forbidden. In a city built over a powder magazine the scratching of a match must be a capital crime. Nothing is clearer than that if you establish the social and industrial system of South Carolina you must impose ignorance and silence by law. For the system violates human rights, and the human heart and conscience instinctively protest against it. And this, consequently, is done.

The Revised Statutes of Louisiana of 1852 enact that if any white person be convicted of saying or printing any thing with intent to diminish the respect which is commanded by law to free people of color for the whites he shall be imprisoned not less than six months or more than three years. The code of Virginia of 1849 provides that if a free person maintain by speaking or writing that owners have no right of property in slaves he shall be imprisoned or fined. Such laws are perfectly legitimate and necessary wherever Slavery exists; but are they compatible with the Constitution of the United States, and with the necessary conditions of any free popular government whatever? If it were made a penal offense in half a dozen States to discuss a banking system, or a school fund, or the rate of interest, or a tariff, or internal improvements, or distribution of the public money, or any question whatever which involved the common interest and rights; or if in those States the mobbing, expulsion, and massacre of citizens who ventured to write or speak upon such subjects were encouraged by the State authorities and protected by the national Government, could peace long be possible? If the mere discussion of any system or institution in any part of the country be too exciting to be tolerated, is not the system or institution itself too dangerous to exist? The alternative is plain. Either the system or popular government itself must be overthrown.

There has indeed been an apparent union of freedom and slavery in our political system. But it has been only apparent. Our political history for thirty years has been the struggle of the two principles for the mastery, and when it was clear that Slavery was to cease to control it tried to destroy. The convictions of the American people have been at war for many a year, and the actual resort to arms was merely a question of time. Thus the war was inevitable. If indeed the Slave interest had not been thwarted; if it had been allowed to prevail; if the principle of the Lemmon case had become by acquiescence the law of the land; if every thing which it had demanded had been yielded, there would have been no war, because the contest would have been decided without arms, and Slavery would have been nationalized by the national consent. But in no other way was the contest to be escaped. Does any honorable American citizen or Christian man seriously regret that it was not avoided upon such terms?

There were gentlemen of political sympathy with the great anti-Slavery party who thought that matters might be arranged. Mr. Thurlow Weed is perhaps the most conspicuous example of those who thought that there was some plan by which the irrepressible conflict might be repressed. It is surely not necessary to suspect the honesty or the patriotism of such gentlemen whatever we must think of their sagacity. But what is there in human nature, in history, in our own national experience, in our knowledge of the character and course of the Slavery policy, which justified such an expectation? A truce, how much less a peace, was possible only upon condition of some vital surrender of the principle and authority of the Government. Mr. Weed is unsparing in his denunciation of his former political friends for not acceding to his plan. But could it have honorably secured peace? We have in our possession a letter written from the city of New York in January, 1861, by a gentleman who calls himself in it "an ultra Breckinridge Democrat." It is addressed to a friend in the South, who is now, and has been from the beginning of the war, a rebel. His correspondent was so entirely Southern in feeling that he expresses an intention of moving to Richmond in case of separation. In this letter are these remarkable words: "*The machinery is all in motion. New York will back the plan of Weed up, * * * * and if the demands of the Secessionists of Georgia are any criterion, even they will gain every important point.*" Robert Toombs was a Secessionist of Georgia. He and his friends were to gain every important point. But in that case must there not have been some vital surrender? Ought peace to have been bought for such a price? We have no wish and no right to think that Mr. Weed acted from any but truly patriotic motives. But ought he, in his turn, to censure so sharply his old friends who were unwilling to support a plan of preserving peace by which Mr. Toombs and his associates were to gain every important point?

We repeat, therefore, that Slavery has been proved practically incompatible with national peace and the American Union. Therefore it must be abolished. It is a plain question for practical men. Has any thing changed the nature of the system? Is it not just as inconsistent as it was before with the spirit and laws of a free people like ours? And if it be tolerated hereafter under any plea of conciliation or forbearance, shall we be wiser than the foolish peasant who warmed the frozen viper to life in his bosom?

THE NEW CALL.

In calling for 500,000 more men the President neither betrays doubt nor apprehension, nor need any loyal man give way to either emotion. The whole force of the rebellion is in the field and desperately fighting. Whatever may be the successful progress of our campaign, we shall manifestly require a force which shall exercise a moral as well as physical influence upon the enemy. For suppose that Richmond falls, that Lee retreats, and that Sherman, intrenched in Atlanta, darts flying columns after the scattered hosts of Hood. The fall of Richmond and the occupation of Atlanta are not the end of the war. Baffled at one point and driven to another, the rebels will still stand at bay, for their leaders have educated them to believe that they are defending family and honor against foreign invasion, and those leaders themselves have no alternative but war or exile.

However signal, therefore, our advantages may be, we must always remember that a civil contest does not end like a foreign war. We must still occupy the points that we recover. We must still sustain the supremacy of the Government. If we had beaten every rebel army in the field; if Sherman had marched on to Savannah, and Grant had pushed through to Raleigh; or if the forces of Lee, and Hood, and Forrest, and Kirby Smith had been scattered, could we recall our armies, disband our regiments, and put our ships out of commission? Would the late rebel officers and soldiers, would the delectable dames of New Orleans and Charleston and even Baltimore become at once our loving brothers and sisters? If our military success in the rebel section were complete, does any good citizen doubt that military occupation of it must follow?

We are preparing for ourselves a foolish and disastrous disappointment if we blind our eyes to the nature and circumstances of the war. If we followed the advice of the Copperhead doctors to-morrow, and agreed to separate or to unite upon the rebels' terms, we must still be a military nation. If we separated, we must maintain an army for the frontier defense and for the wars that would immediately ensue. If we united upon the rebel terms, they, being in possession of the Government, could retain it only by the same means. There is no possible contingency of peace or war in the future that would not require a vast army.

The President therefore proposes that we shall have that army, first to end the active military operations, and then to prevent the chance of their recurrence. It is to avoid the necessity of more fighting; to assure the victory which Providence offers to our hands if we choose to employ the means; to secure and perpetuate peace at the earliest moment that the call is made. To delay is to postpone peace. To hesitate is not to force the Government to end the war, as the Copperhead papers are fond of saying, for it is not a war of the Government but of the people; but to hesitate is to bring the war into our own streets and to our own homes. The Copperhead papers do not speak for the loyal people of the country, who are the immense majority. But, gratified and dazzled by the steady progress of our arms, even loyal men may sometimes forget the necessities of the case. We can not have too many men, nor have them too soon, for peace. Let every true man go, or, if that is impossible, see that somebody goes for him. Then we shall not only obtain peace but secure it.

JUST WHERE HE IS WANTED.

General Joe Johnston of the rebel service is a candidate for commiseration. For eighty days he has been decoying General Sherman further and further from his base. He has lured him on to mountain gorges and fortresses before which he has enticed him to draw up in battle-array, while he befooled him into flank movements, and then the sly Johnston has quietly withdrawn, leaving poor Sherman nothing to do but to push farther on and occupy one town and fortification after another. Sometimes, to entrap his victim more completely, Johnston has made a stand, and when Sherman came on, has fought him, and after going through the form of a defeat has again slipped alluringly away. With consummate sagacity every position he had fortified he abandoned when Sherman came up, and with profound duplicity, in every engagement but one, he suffered himself to be bloodily defeated.

There was no end to the astuteness with which he drew the hapless Sherman on from Chattanooga to the Chattahoochee. At that point the deluded Yankee supposed he must fight. He knew that it was the most defensible rebel position, and that the fortifications were elaborate and probably impregnable. But vainly would the Yankee cope with chivalric cunning. The old fox, Joe—if he will pardon such vulgar Yankee familiarity—took care not to hinder a movement upon his right flank, which, by not preventing, he may be said to have forced upon his bamboozled opponent, and stole away to Atlanta. Meanwhile he arranged, with masterly strategy, that there should be no sufficient opposition to the Yankee occupation of Decatur, whereby his chief communication with his capital was cut off, and his investment in the city secured.

This was the crowning glory of his campaign. He had drawn Sherman forward over mountain and river all the way from Chattanooga. He had surrendered to him half the Empire State of the rebellion. He had shrewdly suffered his army to be incessantly beaten upon a continuous retreat. The wily soldier had finally shut himself up with that army in a city of the utmost importance to his cause, in which he had secured his absolute isolation, and at this triumphant moment, at the very time when, according to the jubilant testimony of that happy family, the rebel and Copperhead journals, Johnston had Sherman exactly where he wanted him, he was removed! If this is to be the fate of rebel Generals, who put Yankees into the very place where they are wanted, what is to become of those who do not?

General Hood, Johnston's successor, apparently wished to have Sherman exactly somewhere else, for he marched out and fought him. But Sherman, agreeing with Johnston that he was just where he ought to be, drove Hood back again with great slaughter. Why can not General Hood let well enough alone? We are all agreed, good citizens, rebels and Copperheads, that Sherman is just where we want him.

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

The great field-day has come off in the British Parliament, and the Danish policy of the Government is sustained. But a more foolish public farce was never played. The real question was whether England would fight for Denmark, and there were three parties in the Commons—the Ministers, the Tories, and the Radicals. Yet of these parties not one was in favor of going to war. The debate, therefore, took place upon a secondary question, whether in the measures taken to avoid war the Ministers had not compromised British honor and influence. This was a secondary question, because if it had been affirmed, if the vote of censure had passed, and a change of ministry had followed, there would have been no change of policy. The House was much excited. The great debaters were up, and apparently lost their temper. The British senate howled, groaned, yelled, and hissed as only a body of British legislators can; and finally the Palmerston Ministry was sustained by a majority of eighteen.

In America we have no reason to regret it. It is true that neither Palmerston, Russell, nor Gladstone are friends of our Government or its cause. They would gladly see us divided, and do not hesitate to express their sincere belief that we shall be. But events have taught them the wisdom of neutrality. They have stopped the rams, and are not likely to wink at Semmes's getting another English ship in which to recommence his piracy. The Tories, however, are less likely to have remained neutral. They have taunted the American policy of Earl Russell as cowardly. Had they acceded to power they would have found themselves constrained to do something and to keep some promises, and our war would have offered the most feasible opportunity. They would not really wish war, for John Bull asks only to be let alone. But they have used strong language, as men out of power are apt to do, and the advantage they have thus given the Ministry was skillfully used by Mr. Layard, the Under Secretary of State.

The Tories had been bidding for the Radical votes of Mr. Cobden and his friends. Mr. Layard, therefore, turning to these gentlemen, and speaking of the Tories, said: "The day that sees them transferred to this bench will see rams go out of Liverpool." The words were greeted with a tremendous uproar of rage from the Tories, who felt the mortal blow, and of delight from the party of the Ministry, who felt that the Radical vote was secured. The tumult did not silence Layard. "Their highest legal authority, the gentleman most likely to be Attorney-General if they come into power," he roared over the storm, "is committed to the policy of the rams." Mr. Layard had thus dextrously made the question of censuring the Ministry a question of war with the United States. Disraeli and his haughty band were outwitted, and his motion was lost.

The debate was much the most important in Parliament for many years; for a change in the British Ministry at this time would doubtless be the prelude to remarkable events. It is described at length in the English papers, and very graphically in a letter to the *Tribune*.

"*THEIR* TERMS OF PEACE."

Alluding to the Peace performance at Niagara the *Tribune* says: "We believe they might have been brought to set forth *their* terms of Peace, and that whether these were reasonable or otherwise the national cause would thereby have been sensibly promoted. But we bow to superior wisdom—at least to the wisdom of superiors."

The persons whose terms of peace the *Tribune* thinks might have served the national cause were Messrs. Clement Clay, J. P. Holcombe, and George N. Sanders, who confessed that they had no authority whatever. Their views, therefore, are just as important as those of any other three rebels, and no more. And how long is it since the *Tribune* incessantly declared that it would be time enough for the Government to consider terms of peace when the rebels authoritatively expressed the wish for it? The President of the United States has other work in hand than listening to the talk of individual rebels who speak for themselves and for nobody else.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Brady, the photographer, has lately returned from the army in Virginia with a series of views of the campaign, which are now on exhibition at his galleries 785 Broadway. The series includes the most interesting scenes of operations at Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, Petersburg, etc., as well as portraits of all the most noted generals. The actuality of these views, the distinct detail, and the inflexible veracity, make them invaluable to every student of the campaign; while all who follow the army with their private hearts as well as their public hopes will see with curious satisfaction the roads, the fields, the woods, the fences, the bridges, the camps, and the streams, which are the familiar daily objects to the eyes of their loved soldier boys.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Our Campaign around Gettysburg" (A. H. Rome & Brothers, Brooklyn) is a brief and pleasant record of the marchings, campings, and countermarchings of the Twenty-third Regiment New York State National Guard, during Lee's invasion of last summer. It is a faithful and graphic picture of militia life in the actual field, and the story is told with such heartiness and sincerity that it has a quite peculiar value. It is interesting also for its description of the condition of our Pennsylvanian neighbors when the New Yorkers marched to stand by them; and we can warmly commend it as a most sprightly, entertaining, and unique chapter of the great history.

The *North American Review* for July (Crosby & Nichols, Boston) sustains the reputation which it has acquired, and is sure to maintain under its new editors. The papers in this number are all thoughtful and timely. Of the eight essays five are devoted to topics of immediate interest—The Navy, Our Soldiers, a National Currency, The History of the Rebellion, and The Constitution and its Defects. The first of these is by one of the most accomplished officers in the service, and is full of instruction and sagacious suggestion; the second is a touching and beautiful tribute to the character of the American soldier, as illustrated in several brief memoirs of our young heroes; the third is a vigorous discussion of the whole question involved; the fourth is an admirable essay upon the writing of history and the facts of the rebellion; and the fifth a forcible assertion of the duty of the American people to take off blinders, and treat the Constitution as made for the people, and not the people for the Constitution. The character of the *Quarterly Review* permits an elaborate treatment of every subject, and every man should see every number if he wishes to know the tendency of the most advanced and educated thought upon the great interest of the country and the time.

"Revolution against Free Government not a Right but a Crime." is the title of a discourse by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., delivered before the Union League Club in New York, and published by them. With the noblest fervor it refutes the calumny that the rebellion is to be justified by the principles of our Revolution, and destroys with a steady and skillful hand the suspicion that haunts some doubtful hearts that the rebels may be justifiable. Its clear, concise, precise statement of the true philosophy of this great question is adorned by the ample preparation and nervous eloquence of the author. As a tract for army circulation it would be most useful to the good cause.

"Precedents of American Neutrality," a reply to the speech of the English Attorney-General, by George Bemis (Little, Brown, & Co., Boston), is a masterly blow at the evasive and unmanly attitude of England upon the privateer question. Mr. Bemis contrasts the uniform, frank, and manly American policy from the beginning of the Republic with that which Great Britain has pursued. It is an irrefutable statement, of which the excellent spirit is not less honorable to the author than the skillful presentation. This pamphlet also is worthy of the widest circulation.

"Watson's Manual of Calisthenics" (Schermerhorn, Bancroft, & Co., New York and Philadelphia). This is truly a book that every family should have, for it presents a complete system of gymnastic drill without apparatus. It is most simply and intelligibly treated, and the illustrations are so profuse and excellent that no pupil or teacher can go wrong. The book is beautifully printed and neatly bound, and the whole subject of vigorous and thorough bodily exercise is made as attractive as it is important. All the exercises mentioned have been thoroughly tested, and Watson's Manual would, if properly used in the play-room and nursery, as well as in the school, supersede in many a case the medical manual which it would render unnecessary.

One of the most charming guide-books for summer travel is "Eastman's White Mountain Guide." (Edson C. Eastman, Concord, New Hampshire.) It contains the most copious information concerning the mountain region, with Lake Winnepesaukee and its neighborhood, compiled and arranged by a scholarly and skillful hand. Let the patriotic traveler who wishes to pay homage to Mount Kearsarge, and renew his vows to Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, put Eastman in his pocket, and approach the shrine by the way of Lake Winnepesaukee—the Smile of the Great Spirit.

"Harper's Hand-book for Europe and the East," by W. Pembroke Fetridge. (Harper & Brothers.) This useful work has now reached its third year. The whole of the present volume has been revised and corrected up to July, 1864, with a large quantity of entirely new matter. The remarkable success of this publication is due to the fact that it is the only hand-book of European travel published in the United States, and the *only* complete work of the kind in one volume in the English language. It is, moreover, *three years later* than any other European guide-book, and is the only one revised every year. It gives a distinct and clear outline of all the tours through the principal cities of Europe and the United States, the cost of traveling the different routes, the names of the best hotels, a description of the principal "sights" and works of art, etc. Not only will visitors *to* Europe appreciate this work, but those who have been there will experience much pleasure in "reading up" what they have seen.

REBEL POETRY.

Messrs. Editors,—In your issue of the *Weekly* of date July 30 I notice an interesting article on Rebel Poetry. But its closing extract, "Our Jessie," from the Mobile *Tribune*, which you commend as "creditable," is most certainly a rank, barefaced theft. I am not sure, but think the original appeared in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* some years ago; at any rate, here are two verses which I copied at the time:

"My Lilla is gentle and fair;
My Lilla is merry and true—
Half dying with love,
I ate up her glove,
And drank my Champagne from her shoe.

"O Lilla! my lady! my love!
And can such another one be?
Why an angel might blush,
Look pleased, and say 'Hush!'
If I kindly compared her to thee."

Baltimore, *July* 26, 1864. T. E. C.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

General Grant's apparent inactivity appears to disturb the rebels with grave apprehensions. A writer in the Richmond *Whig* says that Grant is surely undermining Petersburg with the intention of blowing it "sky-high." The false report of Grant's death appears to have afforded them a temporary solace. General Butler, who was lately delegated to Fortress Monroe, has, at the request of the Lieutenant-General, been reinstated in his former command at Bermuda Hundred; at about the same time "Baldy" Smith was relieved of his command, and Martindale was temporarily put in his place. General Birney now commands the Eighteenth Corps, Mott assuming command of Birney's Division.

The siege of Petersburg assumes no new phase worthy of record. The main interest as regards military operations is now transferred to General Sherman's advance on Atlanta. When Sherman made his extensive movement flanking Johnston's left at Kenesaw, he was obliged to transfer his supplies from Big Shanty Station to Alatoona Bridge in his rear, because that leaving his own left weak he would be unable to hold the railroad so near to the enemy's front; this in part caused Sherman's delay from June 20 to July 3. Johnston on the 5th took a position on the railroad two miles north of the Chattahoochee River; two days later his centre covered the railroad bridge in front, his flanks touching the river; still later by two days the operation of crossing had been completed, and the two armies confronted each other on opposite sides of the river. The railroad bridge had been burned by the enemy. On the way from Kenesaw to the Chattahoochee about 4000 rebels were taken prisoners.

The successful passage of the Chattahoochee River was effected as follows: Early in the week the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Fourth Corps moved up the north bank of the river some fourteen miles, and crossed without opposition, leaving Hooker and Palmer on the opposite bank, with the railroad dividing their two corps. At a proper time Howard moved down to the right, to be in readiness to form a junction with the two corps, and to protect them while crossing. At noon on the 17th Palmer's corps commenced crossing—Jeff C. Davis's division in the advance. Before dark the Twentieth and Fourteenth were across, with their ammunition and baggage-trains. At nine o'clock at night General Sherman's whole force was upon the Atlanta side of the Chattahoochee, General Palmer's corps resting upon the river upon the right, near the mouth of the Peach-tree Creek, and in close proximity to where the railroad bridge (destroyed) spanned the stream, with Hooker next on the left, then Howard and Schofield, while M'Pherson's three corps formed the left wing, resting upon the river some fourteen miles from the extreme right. The army on the 17th moved to within five miles of Atlanta, their line resting on the northeast of that city in the form of an arch, the left under M'Pherson holding Decatur on the railroad connecting Atlanta with the East. On the 18th Hooker's Corps was thrown around still further to the left southwardly, so as to fill up a gap intervening between M'Pherson and the right. These movements compelled Johnston to fall back on Atlanta.

The whole line advanced. M'Pherson on the left, Schofield in the left centre, Howard in the centre, Hooker in the right centre, and Palmer on the right, the whole line extending fourteen miles.

On the 18th General Hood superseded Johnston in the command of the rebel army; a policy somewhat different from that which Johnston had adopted was then inaugurated. On the 20th Hood came out and attacked Sherman's right, making three assaults, which "were bloodily repulsed;" the brunt of the assault fell on Hooker. The next day M'Pherson moved up to within two and a half miles of Atlanta, south and east, Blair's corps holding the extreme left, and reaching to within two miles of the Macon Railroad.

There are four great lines of railroad which centre in Atlanta. Northerly runs the Western and Atlantic road, along which Sherman has been pushing Johnston across the mountains for three months. On the east is the road to Augusta, branching off to Charleston and Savannah: the trunk of this road was held by M'Pherson at Decatur. On the south runs the Macon road, also connecting with Savannah; a short distance south of Atlanta it branches off into the West Point and Montgomery road. With this road in our possession, and our hold on the road at Decatur being strengthened, the rebel lines of retreat would be entirely cut off; Hood, therefore, must fight or stand siege. The engagement on Wednesday, the 20th, was very severe; it is impossible yet to give the minute details. Thursday our lines were pushed up close to the enemy's, and part of Atlanta was in our possession. The next day, the 22d, Hood made another assault. The rebel army was chiefly massed against our right. The struggle ended with Hood's defeat, with a loss on our side of about 2500, and on that of the rebels of about 6000. General M'Pherson was shot while reconnoitring. He became separated from his staff for a moment, and a rebel sharp-shooter shot him from an ambush. On Saturday there was an arrangement for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded: this could not have been a truce, as Sherman in the mean while kept his heavy artillery playing upon the city.

Hood's design in making the assaults on Wednesday and Friday was to destroy our forces on the right, after which the army would be strong enough to confront, if not defeat, the remainder of our army. The plan promised a good degree of success. Sherman's line was fourteen miles long, and weak in the centre. But the day was gained by Sherman, through the dauntless courage with which the separate divisions resisted the furious charges of Hood's army.

The loss of the mills at Roswell, which were destroyed by Sherman's army in its movement on Atlanta, was a severe blow to the Confederates. In addition to extensive flouring mills, there were large cloth manufactories, producing monthly 30,000 yards of cotton and 15,000 of woolen goods—principally for the army.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU'S EXPEDITION.

Directly connected with the operations against Atlanta, General Rousseau's late expedition was an important movement. When Sherman early in the year made his great raid through Mississippi, Rousseau projected the destruction of the West Point and Montgomery Railroad. Then the plan could not be executed. But on the 30th of June, when Sherman began to see his way clear to Atlanta, the project was revived. Abundant preparations were made for the destruction of the ties, rails, bridges, culverts, water-tanks, dépôt buildings, locomotives, arsenals, Government machine-shops, etc. General Rousseau was also ordered to destroy the town of Opelika, the point of junction of the road from Columbus with Atlanta, West Point, and Montgomery road.

July 8 Rousseau started from Nashville with a force of 2700 cavalry, consisting of the following regiments which were concentrated at Decatur, in Northern Alabama: Fifth Indiana Cavalry, Colonel T. J. Harrison; Fifth Iowa Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick; Second Kentucky Cavalry, Major Eifort; Fourth Tennessee Cavalry and the Ninth Ohio Cavalry. The men composing this force were all veterans, well mounted, and excellently armed. A thousand Spencer repeating rifles, firing eight times and invaluable as a cavalry arm, were judiciously distributed among the men. Two light Rodman guns were also taken along.

On the 10th the expedition started from Decatur, taking a southeasterly direction, and after a march of eighty miles crossed the Coosa River; thence pushed on to the Tallapoosa, crossing which brought him within thirty miles of the Montgomery road. Between Opelika and Montgomery this road crosses eight streams, and the destruction of the bridges over these streams was the great business of the raid. Besides doing this, Rousseau destroyed the workshops and other Government buildings at Opelika, and the bridges between that town and West Point. Having fully executed his plans, with a loss altogether amounting to no more than twelve men, he moved up the west side of the Chattahoochee to Marietta, where he arrived on the 23d, and the next day returned to Nashville.

SLOCUM'S MOVEMENTS FROM VICKSBURG.

Simultaneously with the departure of Rousseau's expedition from Nashville, another started from Vicksburg, under the command of Brigadier-General E. S. Dennis, consisting of the First Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps. The command started at two o'clock A.M. July 1, and camped that night on the banks of the Big Black River. A day was spent in constructing pontoons; on the 3d the march was resumed; Jackson was reached on the 5th, and here the expedition turned back the next day, meeting a small body of the enemy late in the afternoon. An engagement came off—a drawn battle. The command returned to Vicksburg on the 9th; its movement had only been a diversion in favor of Rousseau.

In two or three days Slocum had fitted out another expedition, which was reinforced by cavalry sent by General Washburne; its destination the interior of Mississippi. On the 17th Slocum fell in with a detachment of about 2000 rebels, under Wirt Adams, near Grand Gulf; he succeeded in repulsing them with great loss. This second expedition had returned on the 24th.

DEFEAT OF FORREST.

July 5, General Washburne sent out a force under Generals Smith, Mower, and Grierson, with instructions to find and defeat the rebel General Forrest. On the 19th Washburne received a dispatch from Smith announcing that battles had been fought on three different days with Forrest, Lee, and Walker, at Tupelo, a few miles south of Corinth, on the railroad to Mobile, the enemy being defeated each day. On the 15th Smith's rations were exhausted, and the army for four days lived off the country. On the 20th the expedition reached Lagrange, with a loss of not more than 500 men. Grierson estimates the rebel loss to have been at least 4000—captured rebel dispatches admit a loss of 2400. 2000 prisoners were brought in. It was reported that Forrest was wounded in the first day's fight. The whole of the Seventh Tennessee was captured.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

It appears that General Averill, after his successful encounter with General Early's forces on the 19th, pursued them to the mountain beyond Winchester, where Early made a stand, and after heavy fighting on Saturday and Sunday—the rebels having in the mean time been reinforced—General Averill was compelled to fall back to Harper's Ferry, bringing with him the forces at Bunker's Hill, and causing also the evacuation of Martinsburg. The rebels appear to have pursued him in his retreat, and on Tuesday the 26th again occupied Martinsburg, where they cut the telegraph wires, and commenced again the destruction of the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

ITEMS.

The lower counties of Missouri have lately been troubled by guerrillas. Thornton has been engaged for some weeks in recruiting about 1200 rebel sympathizers, his design being to get all the plunder he could, and then make his way southward to swell the hosts of the rebel army. Colonel Ford, acting under Rosecrans, has been operating against the scattered detachments of Thornton's desperate levy. There has been great excitement, and people from the surrounding counties have been crowding into St. Joseph. On the 15th Colonel Ford burned Platte City, which had become a resort for the guerrillas. Ford holds all the towns responsible for the outrages of Thornton's men.

At Blockley Alms-house, in Philadelphia, a great disaster occurred July 20, caused by the walls of the Female Lunatic Asylum being undermined by workmen. Eighteen insane ladies were killed and twenty wounded. There were 229 inmates in the Asylum.

General Meigs, to whom the Secretary of War assigned the duty of selecting a proper place in which to inter the bodies of those who fell in the defense of Washington during the late rebel invasion, has selected an acre of ground on the battle-field, about 600 yards to the right of Fort Stevens, and about 50 yards from the Seventh Street road, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the severest fight took place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

A new pressure is being steadily brought to bear on the British ministry to induce a change of policy in regard to the American war in favor of the Confederates. Mr. Lindsey gave notice lately in Parliament that he should soon move that England interfere to procure a cessation of hostilities. A deputation from the society for obtaining a cessation of hostilities waited on Lord Palmerston on the 14th, but was put off with a non-committal answer. Mr. Mason has also had an interview with his lordship. The rebel cotton loan had advanced to 74.

PROSPECT OF A SEA-FIGHT.

The *Sacramento* left Cherbourg on the 13th inst., and joined the *Kearsarge* off Dover. A rumor was current in Cherbourg that the Federal and Confederate naval officers have agreed to have a sea-fight within the next ten days, between the *Sacramento* and the *Niagara* on the one side, and the *General Lee* frigate and a Confederate corvette, which was lately seen in the Straits of Gibraltar, on the other.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

King Christian has dismissed his former Ministers, and is said to have sent his brother to Berlin to propose peace negotiations on the condition of Denmark being received as a member of the German Confederations. This would make Germany a strong naval Power; and it is thought that the plan will not especially please the Emperor of the French.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

One of our soldiers sends us a copy of the *Universal Magazine* for the year 1783, which he found in the house of a prominent Secessionist near Petersburg. On the second page of this magazine is a title involving a striking Hibernianism, viz., "Verses written by a Gentleman to his Wife while he was gathering Rasberries." In another portion of this curious relic is an allusion to Philadelphia, which is called "the first city in wealth and arts in America." It contains the following statement in regard to Edward Drinker, of Philadelphia, "who saw greater Revolutions than any other man that was ever born:" "He saw the beginning and the end of the British Empire in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of many crowned heads; but when he heard of the many oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Britain, he bought them all, and gave them to his great grandsons to make kites of; and embracing the liberty and independence of his country in his withered arms, and triumphing in the last year of his life in the salvation of his country, he died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years."

There are twenty thousand song-birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.

At a recent meeting of the British Ethnological Society it is said there were placed "casts of *the skull of an individual* at different periods of adult life to show the changes" produced in ten years. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the two skulls of Dean Swift are preserved in Ireland—one when he was a boy, and the other when he was a man.

An officer in General Sturgis's command tells this story of the bravery of a negro soldier during the recent retreat: "Colonel Bouton, commanding the colored brigade, having in the heat of the action got some distance in advance of his command, was fiercely attacked by three rebels, and was about to be taken prisoner, when a single colored soldier, coming to his aid, shot one rebel, bayoneted the second, and with the butt of his musket killed the third, thus saving the life of his gallant colonel."

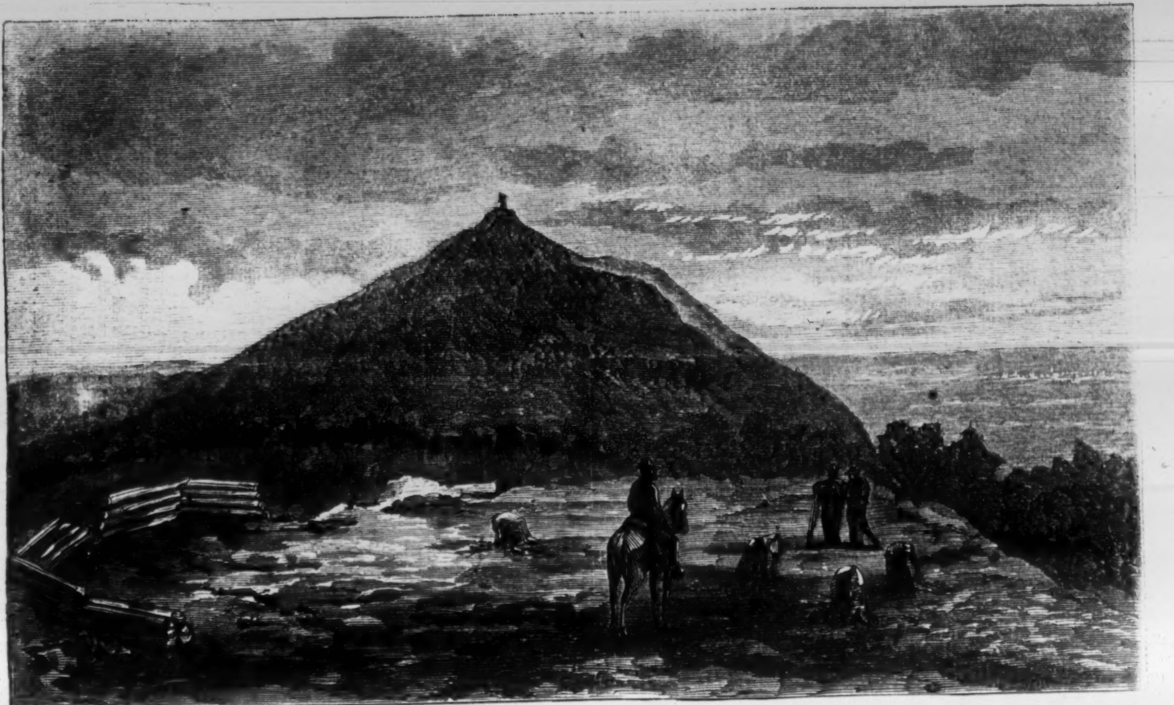
A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan: they drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation.

Professor Hind, of Toronto, lately published some curious details concerning the nyctalopia, or night blindness, prevalent among the Montagnais and Nasquepee Indians. The sufferers from this affliction can see perfectly as long as the sun is up, but become nearly or wholly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

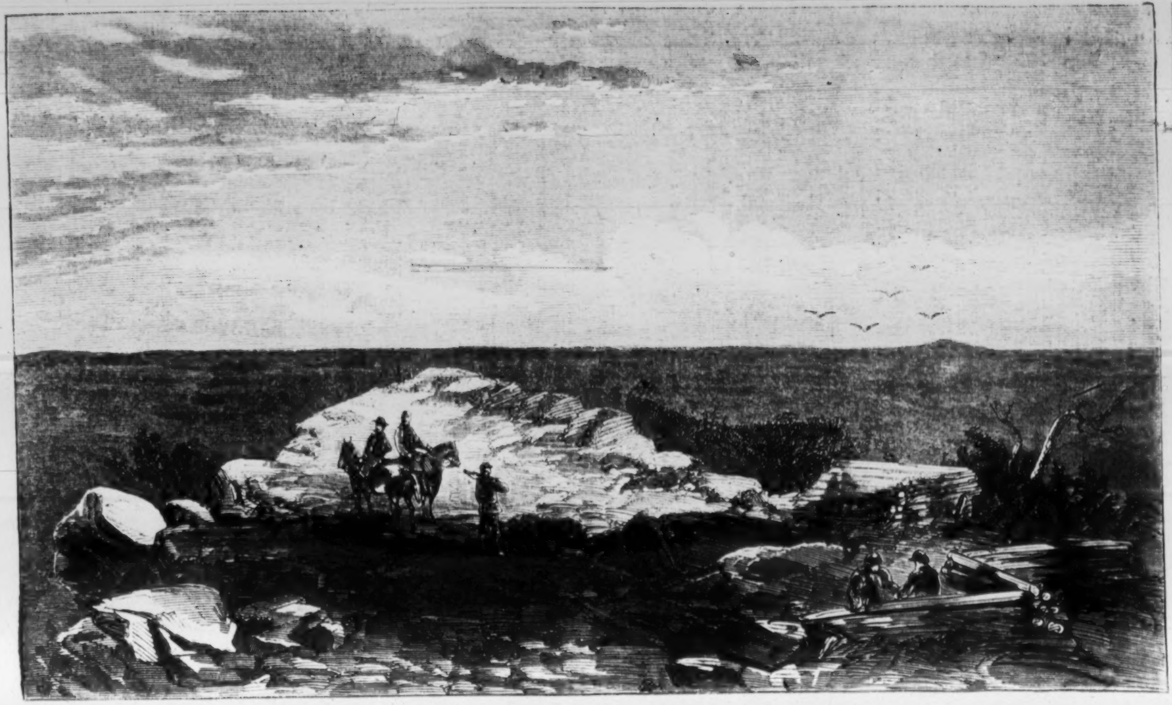
The following singular paragraph appears in a Parisian journal: "The origin of whist does not go further than eighty years. Lord Lyndhurst, born in 1772, was one of the most devoted adepts of this game. It is to him that is owing that manner of playing, namely, when a person holds a single card of a suit that he at once plays it out, and which is known by the name of 'Singleton.' This name is derived from its inventor, Sir John Copley Singleton. His public services will be forgotten, but his name will survive at the whist-table."

A statistician has had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7000 different words, and those of Molière 8000. Shakspeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000; "Paradise Lost" only contains 8000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5642.

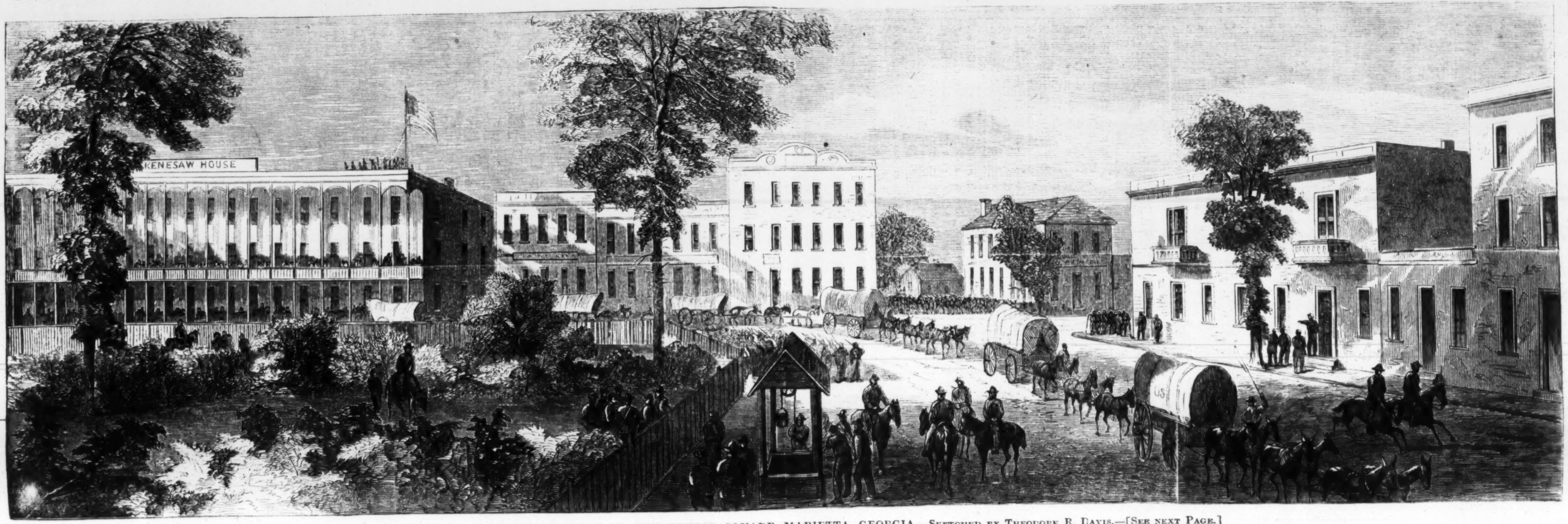
There have been lately some new and interesting discoveries in Pompeii. One of those touching little episodes which are so full of interest and give a living reality to Pompeii is connected with the house of the Faun. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. Like the sentry, who still stood as if in watch and ward at the city gate, she had been true to her duty to the last—she had sat in her nest while the burning shower fell around, and beneath her was the egg which contained the tiny bones of her yet unborn young one. Human nature never changes. The Pompeians had their elections, which were soon to come off, when the city was buried under the lava. Placards were found in the streets which remind us of those seen in New York now and then. Each householder had a favorite candidate, and solicited the votes of the electors in earnest terms, painting his name and qualifications at the sides of the house-door after the fashion of our election placards. "I beg you," writes one, "to choose Capella for one of you duumviri." An elector asks Proculus to vote for Sabinus, promising that Sabinus shall vote for him in return.



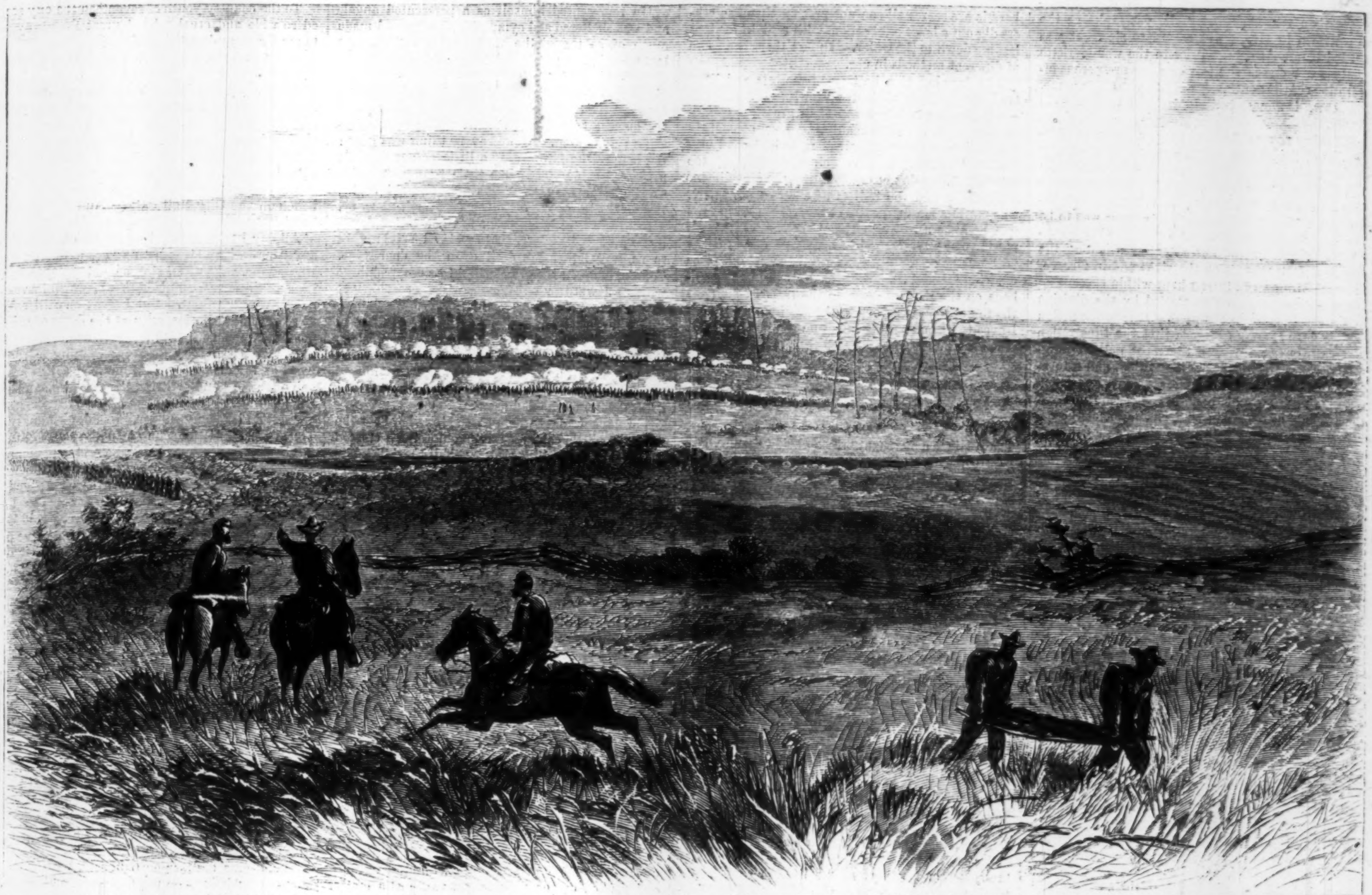
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, FROM LITTLE KENESAW.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—LITTLE KENESAW, July 3, 1864.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]



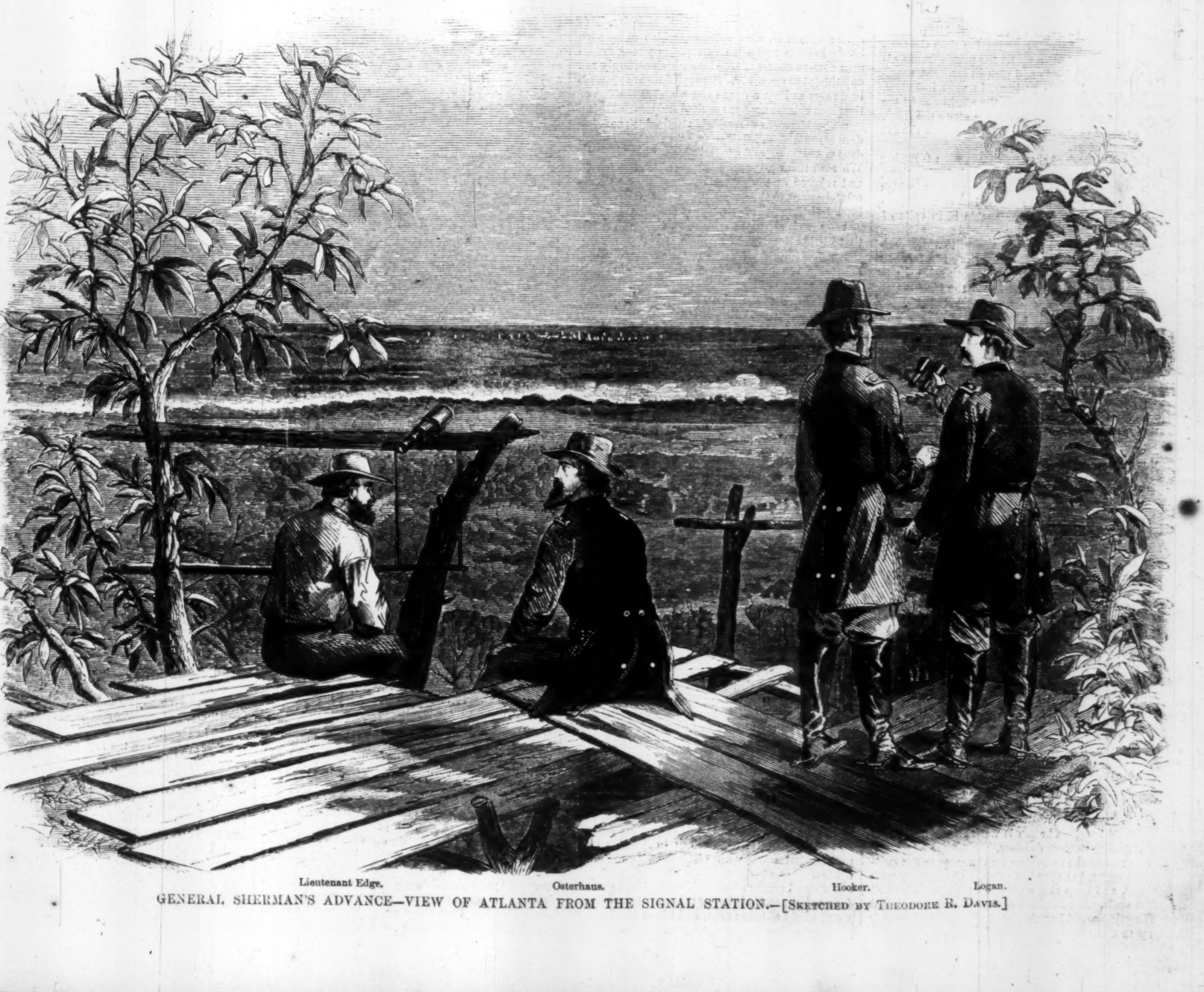
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GALLANT ACTION OF COLONEL WALCOT'S BRIGADE, June 15, 1864.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

We give on this and the preceding page five sketches illustrating General Sherman's advance on Atlanta. Most of these—all on page 500—are topographical. We have in a previous number given a view of Kenesaw, as seen from Pine Mountain; Sherman's advance, July 8, flanking the rebels out of that formidable position, enables us now to furnish a nearer view.

Kenesaw is a double mountain, and presents a bold eminence overlooking the hilly ridges around it. One of the peaks rises some distance above the other, and for distinction the lower is called Little Kenesaw. The rebels driven, June 20, from Pine and Lost Mountains, contracted their lines, confining their operations to the defense of Kenesaw, which they maintained for a fortnight.

From Kenesaw to Marietta—the public square of which is represented on the same page—the distance is only two or three miles. The names of the prominent buildings have been taken from the neighboring mountain which we have just described. The town of Marietta, having a population of no



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF ATLANTA FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

more than two thousand souls, yet ranks as the sixth town in Georgia in regard to size. It was settled before Atlanta. Prior to the war Marietta College was one of the two or three prosperous institutions of the South. It exists now only in name. The town is almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants.

Turning now to the next page, we have an illustration of the gallant action performed, June 15, by General Harrow's division of Logan's corps. In the morning General Logan received orders to move this division to the left, to divert the enemy's attention from the right, where an assault was to be made. It advanced at about 1 o'clock, with Williams's brigade on the left, Walcot's holding the centre and Olliver's on the right and in reserve. General Morgan L. Smith kept within supporting distance. A position was carried by the division and several prisoners captured. It is to the action of Colonel Walcot's brigade that the illustration especially refers. He, in the most gallant manner, advanced on the enemy's position, and returned with 300 prisoners, Generals Logan and Harrow both grasping his hand in congratulation. A story is told of a captain who, rushing past the enemy's rifle-pits, was fired at so closely that the enemy's powder burned his face. This doughty captain, it is said, took several prisoners.

Below, on the same page, is a distant view of Atlanta, as seen from the signal station in front of the position held by the Army of the Tennessee July 7. In the fore-ground, at the right of Lieutenant Edge, the signal officer, sits General Osterhaus; and standing, still further to the right, are Generals Hooker and Logan.

RETURN OF A RAIDING PARTY.

On page 508 we give an illustration representing the return of Kautz's cavalry from the raid against the Weldon and Danville roads. General Kautz ranks among the first of our cavalry officers, and it is in a raid especially that his excellent leadership is illustrated. He was associated with Wilson in the raid to which allusion is here particularly made; his accurate knowledge of the country enabled him, however, to reach Butler's line before Wilson. Both men and horses returned in a state of great exhaustion; the troops were without coats—blankets had been left behind—and in many cases even hats and caps were absent, their places being supplied by turbans, female head-gear, or whatever came to hand. Some had lost their horses, and rode mules; others, still worse off, had to lead their tired beasts. And thus ragged and weary, and presenting the most grotesque appearance, the column straggled in from the great raid.

IN THE TRENCHES.

We continue this week, on pages 504 and 505, our Illustrations of the Siege of Petersburg, of which the artist gives a description as follows:

The army, although no longer marching and fighting day by day, is by no means idle; earthworks, of much heavier construction than the temporary rifle-pits thrown up on the march from Culpepper, keep the spade and pick in constant requisition. The enemy's position, in most instances, commands ours, giving them the advantage in the constantly renewed artillery firing along the front, and superior protection for their men from the fire of sharp-shooters.

Take the sketch of Martin's Battery; frowning over it, at close range, are the enemy's fortifications, an important salient being prominent, back of which may be seen part of still another line of works, designed to make the first untenable if, in spite of abattis and *chevaux de frise*, we should capture them. At this part of the lines—on the Fifth Corps—although the cannon keep up a desultory fire, by common consent among the men on both sides sharpshooting has been abandoned, and the pickets live amicably near each other, outside the fortified lines; ours even taking their shelter-tents with them for protection against the sun. The line of battle lies close on both sides, in the complicated system of trenches called rifle-pits, which generally consist of two main lines of embankment close together—one in front, the other behind the men—and any quantity of traverses, as shelters against cross-fire are called. Across these works the men stretch their tents and blankets, like an awning, in picturesque confusion, keeping as cool as the torrid climate—aggravated in the pits by the glare from the white sandy soil—and the rebel mortar shells will let them. Against the latter rifle-pits are no protection, and the soldiers burrow into the earth places known as *gopher holes*, into which they dive with astonishing rapidity when a shell is observed by the look-out coming his way. Some of the rifle-pits are covered with boughs, forming a continuous arbor, and giving increased protection against the sun.

The officers' quarters, where exposed to danger from the rebel fire, are often made shell-proof, although the Whitworth bolt occasionally penetrates an immense thickness of earth.

After leaving General Warren's front there is no longer any security against being hit, the sharpshooters keeping a bright look-out on both sides, firing at every one who shows himself, and constantly skimming bullets at random, which often take effect upon people unseen by the shooter. These have all sorts of devices to protect themselves from fire, and at the same time make their own shots tell. All night the firing is kept up with increased vindictiveness, for the purpose of driving in the working parties, who come out in the darkness to dig new works—parallels and other approaches to the rebel lines. The rebels work also in improving and adding to their defenses.

It was hard at one time for the army to get sufficient water, but they have dotted the country with wells, and have now a plentiful supply. Some of the wells, after reaching a vein of water, are filled in again around barrels placed one on top of another up to the surface. This is the best plan, but as barrels are scarce all can not procure them, so others dig out a large excavation, with a flight of steps leading down to the water. In fact there is a score of different methods in use.

The drawing of a battery of mortars and light twelves represents a salient on the line of the Eighteenth Corps, which is a source of great annoyance to the rebels. Lieutenant Jackson constantly drops his shells among their men, as he jocosely remarks, "to prevent the Johnnies sleeping too sound." They do not fail to return the compliment with shells and the bullets of the sharp-shooters. The mortars are fired without the gunner seeing the spot he aims at. With the aid of the frame-work round the piece, marked in divers places with the positions of points upon the rebel line, and a piece of string leading from a bayonet stuck in the sand-bags on the parapet down to the frame, he directs the fire of the piece; and as the shell is visible as it leaves the smoke till it falls into the doomed spot, it is very interesting to watch the practice.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

Prosperous! Yes; I have been prosperous. They call me a merchant prince I believe, and you'll hardly find a stronger, or a more respected, or a wealthier firm than that of Berryl & Bullion. If you'd like to know what started me in life, and made me first book-keeper and so on up to junior partner, and now head of the firm, I'll tell you. A bowl of bread and milk. It's a fact. A bowl of bread and milk and a girl-baby.

I was born in a quaint little country place, in Greene county, New York, not far from the Hudson, and where you could see the purple peaks of the Catskills, with snow at the very top nearly all the year round—as though, I used to think, old Winter made his habitation there, and kept his favorite temperature for himself while the other seasons had their way with the earth below. It was a pretty place, and we had a church, and a school-house, and a store, and one doctor who could not have afforded to live in such a healthy place if he had not already made his fortune in New York. Our home was a farm-house some miles away from the village, and lonely enough in the winter time, when bad roads and deep snows kept us away from church sometimes for weeks together. But it was beautiful in summer, when the golden corn stood in the fields, and the little orchard was bright with fruit and blossoms, and the great grape-vine shaded the whole porch; and even at the coldest and loneliest we were never unhappy. We were all and all to each other—father and mother, and I and brother Will—and lived a life of our own, partly in books and partly in dreamland, which we knew well enough no one else would comprehend. We had a library, such as it was; the books were mostly old, and had covers of calico which mother had sewed on them to hide the disreputable broken leather and tarnished gilding; and they were nearly all romances, save a History of England, a Mythology with long crooked s's, and some books of poetry.

There were works by Miss Porter and Mrs. Radcliffe; novels in nine volumes, which followed a lovely heroine and a too susceptible young nobleman along a course of true love which certainly ran any thing but smoothly. Separated them apparently forever at least a dozen times, and at the end of the ninth volume always reunited and married them.

"The Horrors of Okendale Castle," "The Children of the Abbey," "Camilla," "Pamela," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and goodness knows what besides. We read them all, and cried over them together, and rejoiced at the joyful consummation, and absolutely went to the weddings, so vividly were they brought before us by the pages over which we pored.

We sat up all night once to be made quite sure that Elfrida Rosabell would ultimately discover that the young Sir Godfrey was not a villain, and had honorable intentions; and neighbor Boggs, of the mill, sent over next morning to inquire whether any one was "sick or dead to our house, cause he seen a light late as three o'clock a night in the sottin'-room windy."

After that we closed the shutters early.

When we were not reading generally around the supper-table we used to talk of what we'd do when we were rich. We spent a good many fortunes in imagination, but the reality was a good way off yet, for both ends could only just be made to meet every year, and there never was a dollar to spare for any thing. Only my mother's indefatigable thread and needle kept us respectable for Sundays. On week days we worked on the farm in any thing. Our ground was poor, and there was not a great deal of it. Besides, father was not brought up a farmer, and never had what the neighborhood called luck. Old Farmer Pratt used to say he had "far too much book-larnin' to grow potatoes," and perhaps he was right. There were men who could just read who made money with fewer acres, and father who, to the astonishment of all, "knew Latin," could just feed and clothe his little family. But he did that, and was thankful. I was sixteen before I heard the story of his past life. How ambitious he had been, and how he had failed while less talented men arose above him, and how, at thirty, he had said to my mother: "Alice, I meant to be a great man for your sake, and a rich one. I can only be a poor farmer now; will you have me as *I* am?" And she who had loved him all along said "Yes." And so for years they had led this peaceful life of daily toil and nightly reading, varied only by church-going on the Sabbath, or some neighboring apple-paring, or corn-husking, or quilting; and though their boys were grown up they were two lovers still.

But you know the serpent made his way into Eden, and ever since there has always been some evil thing ready to creep in where people are good and happy. Satan came to us in the shape of a middle-aged man, with black whiskers, in difficulties.

He owed some one something, and had probably done some rascally thing or other; for he was very much afraid of being seen, and hid at our house for weeks together during one autumn.

He represented himself as a persecuted angel, and was sheltered and sympathized with, and made much of, as though he were one in reality. At last he asked a particular favor of his old friend and college chum—only a signature—a mere form; but it would start him in life again, and those fellows insisted on it. The signature was given; and six months from that time my father found himself a ruined man. Almost every thing was gone: the house—the farm—only a little corner where a neglected cabin stood on a little triangular patch of ground—some bits of furniture, and our books, too old to be of value to others, remained to us. My mother bore it bravely; but one bitter day—bitter alike in its winter cold and in what it brought to us—my father lay dead upon the door-stone. Coming home in the gray twilight he dropped there without a word or groan. The doctor said, "It was his heart;" and my mother answered, sobbing, "Yes, his heart was broken." They buried him in the old church-yard when the snow lay piled on the stones and quite hid the mounds above which they arose. And we three envied him; we longed so to lie down beside him. The world seemed a great desert, for he had been all to us.

For days we did little but weep together over the fire in our little cabin. But one morning I started up. "I am a man!" I cried. "Shall I be idle while we all starve? Mother, I'll go to New York, and begin to work in earnest."

"*You* alone in New York!" The great fear that was in the thought drove my mother's tears away.

"I am seventeen," I said, "and I am tall, and look two or three years more than my age."

"Yes, your father was proud of your being so well grown," said my mother, and she wept again. But I sat down beside her, and told her of my plans, and of my secret. Will was old enough to do all that could be done about the little place, and I had written a book!

"A book!" Astonishment swept every other feeling from my mother's mind for the moment. "You write a book, my child! but it can not be worth reading."

"You shall read it," I said; and I brought it from the hiding-place where it had rested in my trunk, and laid it in her lap.

She read it, and the verdict was a mother's.

"I never thought to take so much comfort again," she said. "I cried over that book all night. It's as good as one of Mrs. Radcliffe's, Harry."

After that she did not oppose my departure, but mended my clothes, and put on missing buttons, and packed up the little brown valise as a matter of course.

So it came to pass that one Monday morning I set forth, with my valise in my hand, to New York city to seek a publisher and make my fortune. Mother cried and kissed me, and dried her tears to make sure the gingerbread had been packed up, and promised not to cry again, and watched us out of sight, with the tears rolling down her face.

I say watched *us*, for Will went with me as far as the store, whence the stage started, and on the way took an oath that some way he would get a living for mother out of that corner lot. "I'll do it, Harry," he said, "or die;" and his eyes shone as he spoke like two diamonds. We were not ashamed to embrace each other, or to cry a little, and so we parted.

At that time a lumbering stage made the journey to New York; and a hard time of it we had that day, with bad roads and biting cold, and at dusk a sleety rain, which shrouded the great city from my view as I entered it. That night I supped and slept; it was enough for me. But the next morning came thoughts of my book and the publishers—that book which had been pronounced "as good as Mrs. Radcliffe's."

Shall I ever forget the contemptuous "We don't meddle with such affairs as that of yours here, young man!" of that first stout publisher in glasses; or the sneering, "Thank you, it wouldn't answer!" from the slender perfumed exquisite whose sanctum I penetrated? But they had not read "Angelica; or, Parted and Reconciled." They were brutal; they refused to recognize talent; that was all. At last I found a gentleman (he had been to dinner, and had wine after it) who said, blandly, "Leave the manuscript, my young friend; we will read it." And I went up to the Seventh Heaven forthwith. I shook his hand, and thanked him, and went back to where I put up.

I called in a week. Mr. Bullman was not in. A day or two later he neither remembered me nor my manuscript. He had *not* been to dinner, and was not genial that day. There was a little clerk in the room—an old man with a kind face. He came forward and whispered something. "Ay," said Mr. Bullman, in reply; "it may be in the waste paper basket." And forthwith out came the basket, and I saw a red string I knew well, for it came from my mother's work-bag.

"Yours?" said Mr. Bullman.

"Yes, Sir, mine."

"Ah! Take it."

"Have you read it, Sir?" I hazarded.

"Oh dear, *no*, of course not."

That was all; it was enough. I went. In a kind of dizzy haze I staggered out into the street. I wanted to hide somewhere and cry, and forgot to notice the sign-boards as I went on. Consequently I soon lost myself; soon, also, found myself in a shabby, disreputable-looking part of the city, where there were lounging men in dirty finery, and tipsy women and barefooted children with gin-bottles in their bony hands. A youth of my own age stood at the door of a corner grocery, and to him I addressed myself:

"Will you tell me the way to —— Street?"

It was very friendly of the boy to go with me a little way—to keep so close beside me, and pat me in such sociable fashion on my shoulder when we parted. The very thought of his kindness brought tears into my eyes. I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief to wipe them away. It was gone. So was my purse, with every cent I possessed in it. I sat down on a step near by absolutely faint with terror.

To the country youth of seventeen the city seemed so wide and cruel. That great Broadway was to me "a stony-hearted step-mother."

It was after dark when I reached the place I called home for the time, and told my story to my landlady. She had sons of her own, but she had no pity on me. I went from her house that night, and left my brown portmanteau and the bits of clothes in it behind me, amidst her vixenish vows that "She'd not be cheated—not she—by any trumped-up story."

Do you know where I slept that night? On a bench in the City Hall Park. And there was no breakfast ready in the morning at that hotel.

All day I tried for work—as shopman, as helper, any where where strong arms were needed; no one wanted me. At noon, starved and weary, a baker brushing by me with his basket of warm loaves almost made me faint. But I went on still asking at stores and factories, even at the doors of private dwellings, for work, and finding none. At seven, so anxious was I for food, that, seeing a load of wood at the door of a plain house, I asked for the job of sawing and splitting it. The woman shook her head.

"I'll do it for my supper," I said, pleadingly.

"A great, healthy young man like you oughtn't to need supper as bad as that," she said, and slammed the door in my face. Then I heard her call within, "Biddy, watch the cellar-door, there's a straggler outside." A thought of my mother and of home came over me. What would she have said could she have seen me then? How would her face have looked? I was very glad she could not know what I endured. Poor though we had been, I had never guessed what cold and starvation could be before.

I left the door before which I had been standing and wandered on, wondering whether I could bring myself to beg for food. Death would have been preferable, but mother and Will—I had no right to leave them if God would let me stay. On either hand were stores and dwellings brightly lighted. Windows where dainty pastry, and jellies, and confectionery were set forth. Others still, where heaps of gold, and silver, and crisp bank-notes were spread on green baize; still others, through the white curtains of which I could see family groups gathered around bright fires or cozy tea-tables. All seemed happy save myself. It is always so when we are wretched.

On I went—I could stop at none of these bright places—and at last I turned down a side-street full of handsome old-fashioned houses, with low door-steps and windows on the first floor, which were on a level with the eye of a man standing in the street. This street was darker than the busy one from which I had turned. I walked on counting the doors, resolving that at the third or the fourth I would begin to beg—failing to keep the promise I made myself every time. At last before me arose a dwelling larger than the rest. From the low window a light shone out, sending a warm gleam upon the frosty pavement. The curtain was looped back and I could see the room within. A great dining-table, covered with white damask, and at one end of it a little girl of seven, with long golden curls sweeping to her waist, and what looked like a bowl of bread and milk. Near her stood a servant-woman. It was a pretty picture. I thought I had never seen so lovely a child or such a pleasant room. Listening, I presently heard the servant's voice:

"Miss Rose, your pa and ma won't be home for ever so long, and they said you were to eat your supper and go to bed. What is the matter?"

"I want some jam," said the child, "and dolly. Dolly will be half-starved."

"Chany dolls don't get hungry, Miss Rose," said the girl.

"Mine does," said the child, "and sleepy. Please bring her night-gown and cap, so that I can undress her where it is warm."

"What a queer child you are!" said the girl. "Well, I'll get the jam and your doll, and then you *will* go to bed, Miss Rose."

"Yes," replied the child; and the girl left her.

Then I perceived that a crack of the window had been left open—perhaps by accident, and perhaps because the room was overheated. I longed for a little of that pleasant warmth. I raised the sash farther from without, standing on a projecting stone ornament below. As I did so the frame made a creaking sound, and the child looked around, not fearfully, but with a bright, bold look that told she was not easily alarmed by trifles. Then a thought came into my mind. To beg of this child would not be so bitter a humiliation. I thrust my head through the aperture and called to her by the name the servant had said.

"Miss Rose."

The child saw my face now, she heard my voice, and came down from her high seat. Half-way she paused, putting back her hair with her little hand, and looking at me wonderingly with her blue eyes.

"I don't know you," she said. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am some one who is hungry," I said. "I want something to eat."

"Hungry?" she said. "You must have something to eat right away;" and then turned on her little toes and pattered to the table, whence she lifted the great china bowl of bread and milk with both baby hands. She set it upon the sill, and perching on a chair, to my utter astonishment, said, with an air of command, "Now open your mouth and I'll feed you."

She had been used to feeding and petting the kitten that purred upon the rug, and treated me in the same way. I understood that at once; but I obeyed. I opened my mouth; and I outside of the window, with elbows on the sill, she within, perched on the seat of a chair, that baby fed me with bread and milk. It amused her. She laughed merrily. Now and then she patted me on the head. For my own part I hardly knew whether I wondered most at myself or her.

The bowl was emptied not slowly; and then I caught the baby hands in mine and kissed them.

"I shall never forget you," I said—"never cease to pray for you—never—"

But the words died on my lips, for a strong hand touched my shoulder, and a voice, in which merriment and anger mingled, uttered in my ear, "Hullo—come down, and let me see who you are?"

Who I was! The next moment I did not know myself, for I had fallen insensible to the ground.

"Talk of novels!" said the senior partner, breaking off. "Real life is stranger." The man who spoke to me was little Rose's father. That, of course, you guess; but you can not guess—for it astonished me, I tell you—how he was also my dear, dead father's dearest friend, come back from a far-off State, where he had been living a long while, and a prosperous merchant in the city.

They found me out by letters in my pocket; for, you see, they thought I was dead—and I was pretty near it.

So when I came to myself there were friends around me; and they told me to have no fear, but to trust in them to help me, and I did.

When I wrote to mother I told her that I had not become a successful author, but that I was a promising book-keeper in the firm of Bullion & Co. A year after, she and Will came to New York to live. Thank God, they are both living still!

As for myself, you know dear little Rose was my first friend; and I could not forget the night when she fed me with her little hands, and saved me from starving to death, I believe.

I loved her dearly; and I watched her grow up from a bright bud to a sweet blossom, loving her more and more every day.

In ten years she was seventeen and I twenty-seven, and the junior partner of our firm. And one day—one evening rather—I went up to the old house—the one through whose open window I leaned that evening—and there, by that same sill, inside though, I asked her a question, and she said "Yes."

What the question was you can easily guess, for she is my wife now, and has been for thirty years, so that our little grand-daughter is exactly what Rose was when she fed me with bread and milk.

I'm senior partner now, and this house is the one she lived in then. I promised the old gentleman we'd live here, and we have done so. As for my novel. Did I tell you the roll of MS. was gone that night, and I never knew what became of it? But the other night Sam, my butler, had been down cellar hunting up some old wine put there years ago, and he found something lying among the rubbish at one end, and brought it to me. Upon my word I could have wept when I saw the dingy parcel. It was my old novel—"Angelica; or, Parted and Reconciled."

The rats had spared it for a wonder, and though it was mouldy and dirty I managed to read it.

My dear friend, it was the most unmitigated trash that ever disgraced paper, and if a boy in my office were to spell so badly I'd dismiss him.

I never let any one see it except my mother.

"It's a pity," she said, "that you could not have been an author. Will you never write another story?"

"Perhaps," I said; "and if I do, it will be a story of a Bowl of Bread and Milk.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I AM married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got good reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising in the eyes of strict lady-superintendents if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young—not over twenty, I should say—but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison-dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the Criminal Court on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted and sentenced to one year's penal servitude—a lenient sentence, as it was thought, for her offense. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good-conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison-discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite grates—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison-officer seated in the space between them to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and by twos. Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in the city, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall, thin, stooping man was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I can not say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the top of the road in which the prison was situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son, or daughters never staid more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her back again to their service at the expiration of her sentence if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of their visits—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered, "I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly done that I at last concluded it must have some religious signification known only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But we matrons and assistants soon began to think that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone-floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended the chapel with the same unmurmuring humility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and any body accustomed to look after female convicts will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant-matron, but the unexampled good-behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good-will. There was no trouble she wouldn't have taken, no haste she wouldn't have made to serve me; she ran without being called, fetched and carried without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct, because it conferred additional liberty, she made every thing look as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacobs's hobby—an uncommon one for a Jewess—and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in every corner. Walls, floor, and even the ceiling got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way, which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed. There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly scoured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison-rules do not recognize such humors; but, as in the working of every system, rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict establishments, the good-will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady-superintendent, or chaplain—the only privilege she ever coaxed from me, in return for her spontaneous services—the only approach to intimacy with her fellow-prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I know not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacobs's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow-prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were somehow willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and at last requested, with her usual pertinacious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison—a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never can be got to die out, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would soon make her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange, told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done, warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, coldest of all the cells; but my advices and warnings were alike in vain. Humbly obstinate as ever, in Jacobs would go, and in she went. I determined in my wrath that she should not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But to my agreeable surprise Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments—if possible, I thought rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar, but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed away I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the mean time the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the grate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their ex-kitchen maid did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain that the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out-of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to do with female convict establishments will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-Year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison-life, or to some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I can not say, but certain I am, from woeful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cells, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night-duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant-matrons to whom the work generally fell to pace about all the long winter night through those gloomy stone-passages, wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand, listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole above every cell-door, and anxiously wishing for the six o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on that duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found every thing quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage which led to its door, and might have suited its ancient use—namely, the condemned cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in its direction, and let me remark that I had on a pair of list-slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night-watch for their noiselessness; but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern, and looked through the inspection-hole. The gas was burning very low, and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the floor, but working with both hands, and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard, and couldn't see me; and, great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon perceived that the object was to get her fingers in or to get something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and out with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gaslight.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my own astonishment; and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been.

"You have caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone. "I knew you would; but you won't be hard on me; you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what was that you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

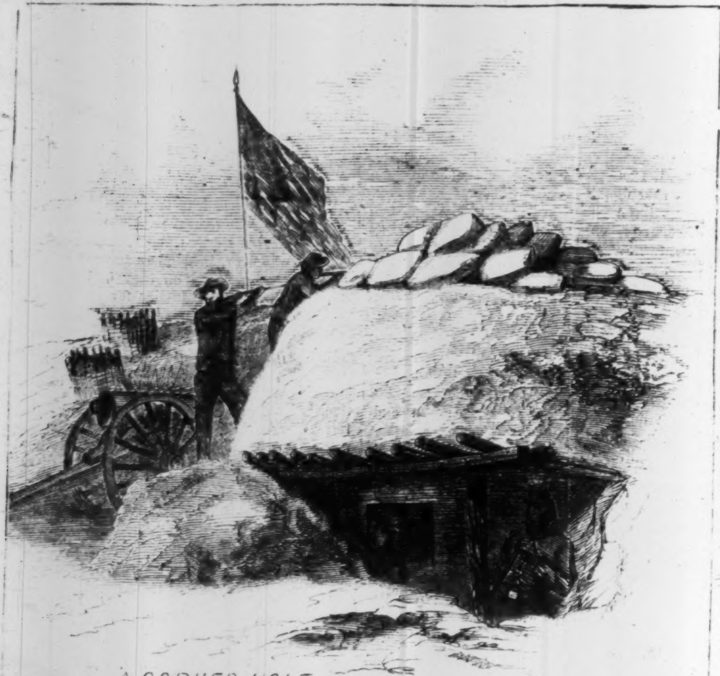
"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," said Jacobs: "thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word." I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter-night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that I ever heard.

The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs would not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs. Some intimation of the diamonds and their whereabouts reached a noted gang of burglars, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the precious necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been instrumental in bringing to justice for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would make no confession; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs's attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather guess. From hints inadvertently dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his condemned cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept that surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-loser. According to Jacobs the bargain had been a stiff one, though, owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed, marked and made memorable by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

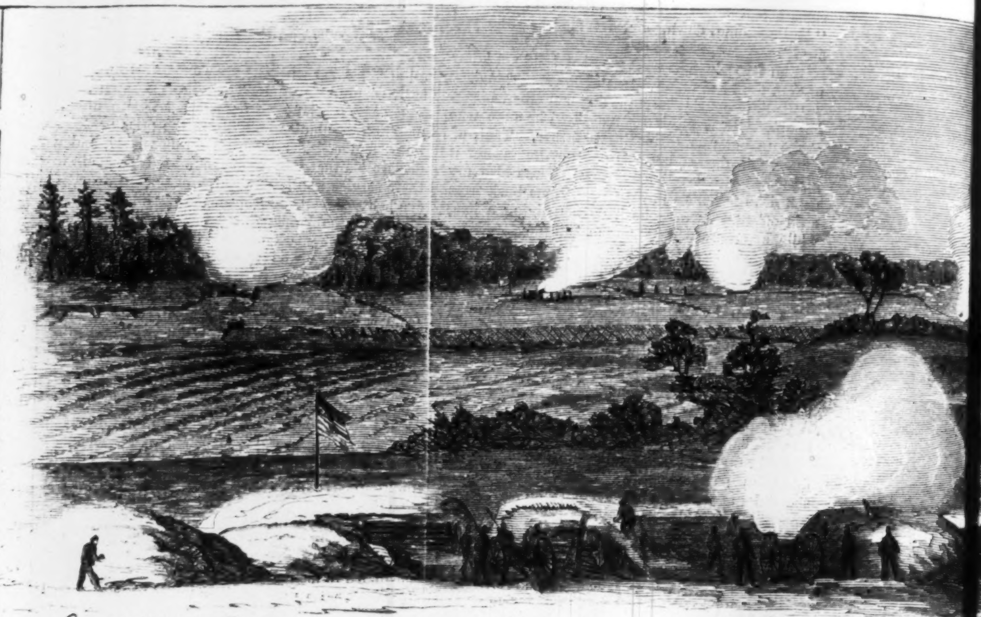
It appeared that she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel. And on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the connivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals, her scrubbing and scouring propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble services to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges with small articles of jewelry brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs's regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than an agreed-on signal, and meant, "Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfectly clean breast—there was nobody within possible ear-shot—and when she had told me all the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal: "I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant-matron; but, notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company on my Sundays out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master. We were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jemima more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised on the spot never to report, never to reveal her secret.

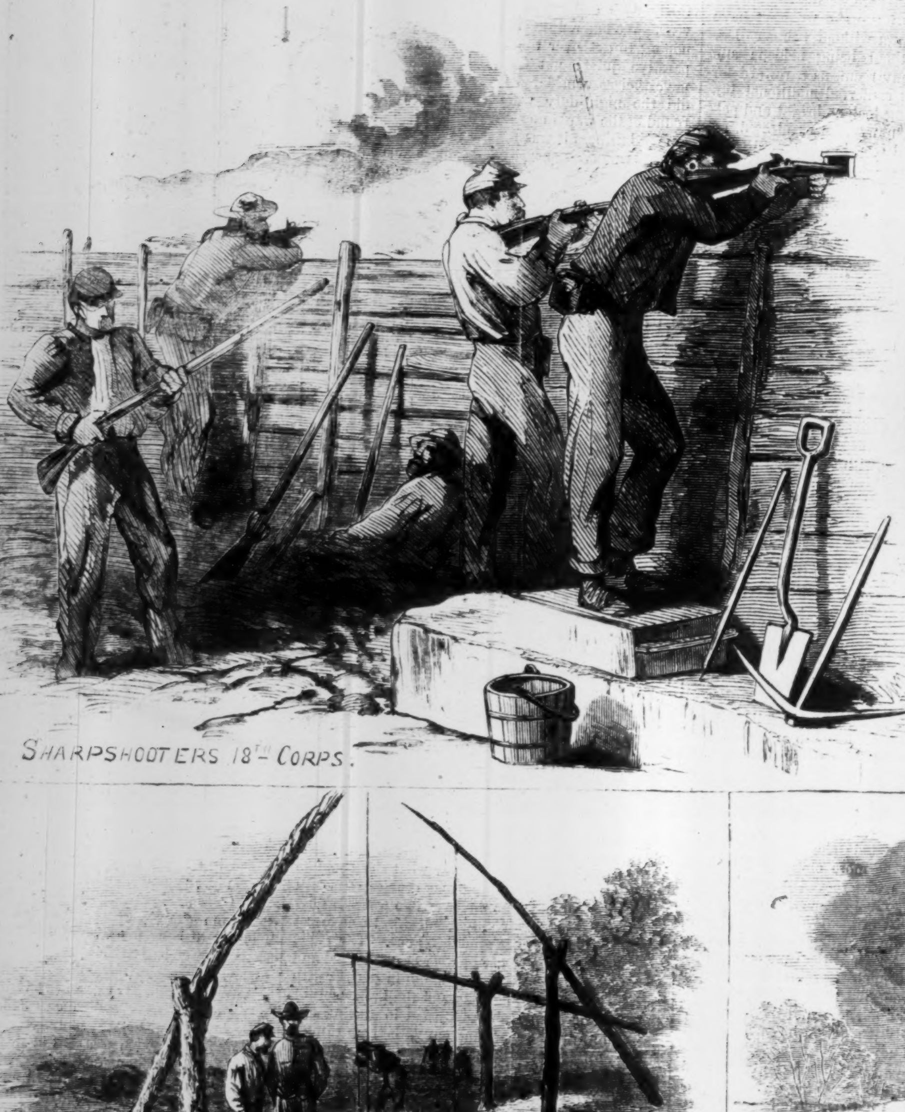
When the Josephs came next visiting-day there was a variation in the dialogue. Jemima solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unfeigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have given any body unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that no stone was left unturned, no effort spared to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged with applications and petitions, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me; but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night. She went her way exactly as she came. There was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison-matrons, especially myself. The next sight I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs's carriage passed me, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother, and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in the slightest contact. But two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home to me, with a small brilliant stuck in the one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.



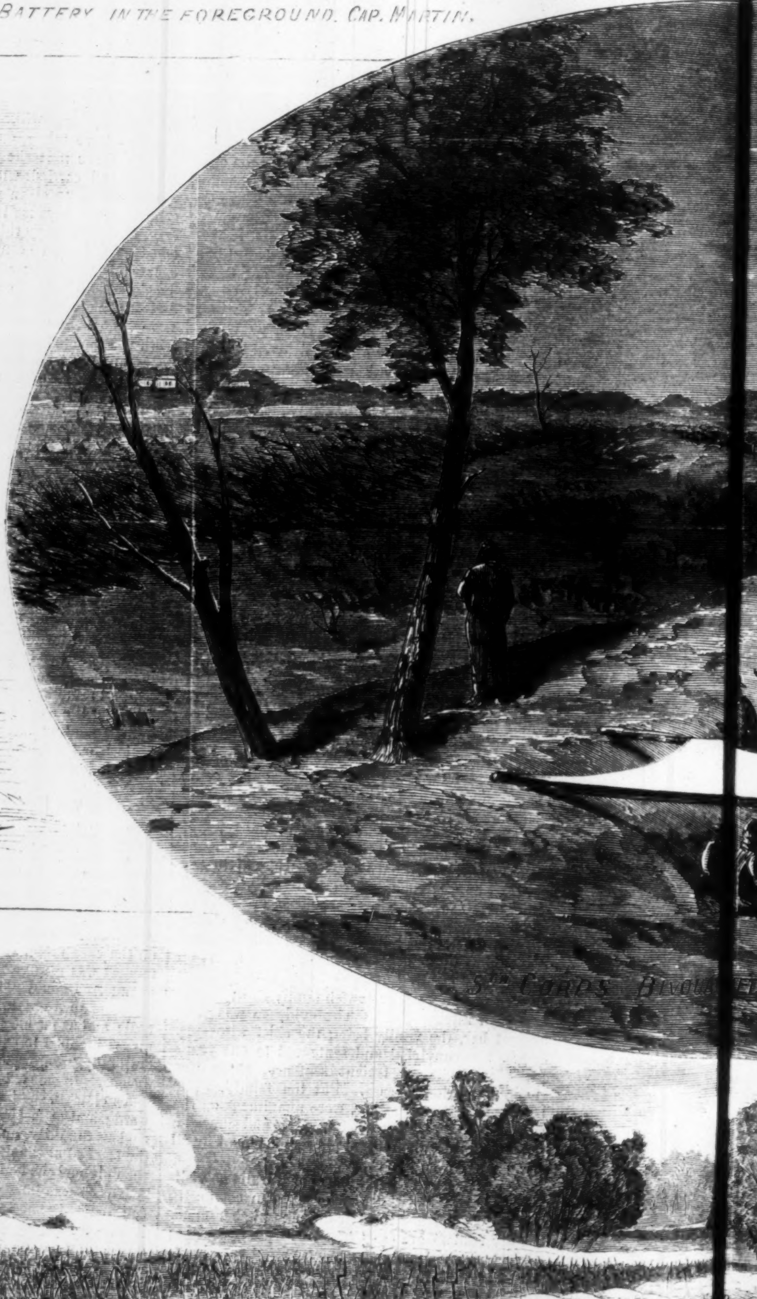
A GOPHER HOLE.



COMMANDING POSITION HELD BY THE REBELS IN FRONT OF GENL WARREN.
6th MASS BATTERY IN THE FOREGROUND, CAP. MARTIN.



SHARPSHOOTERS 18th CORPS.



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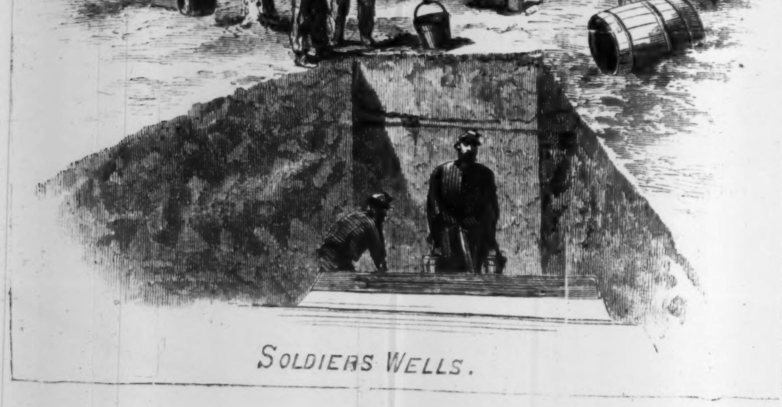
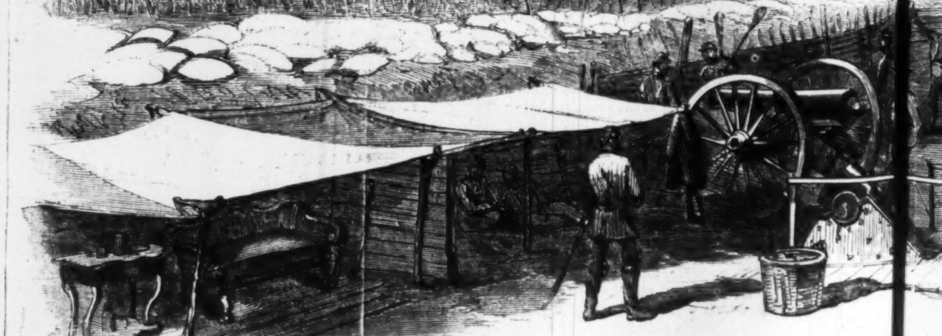
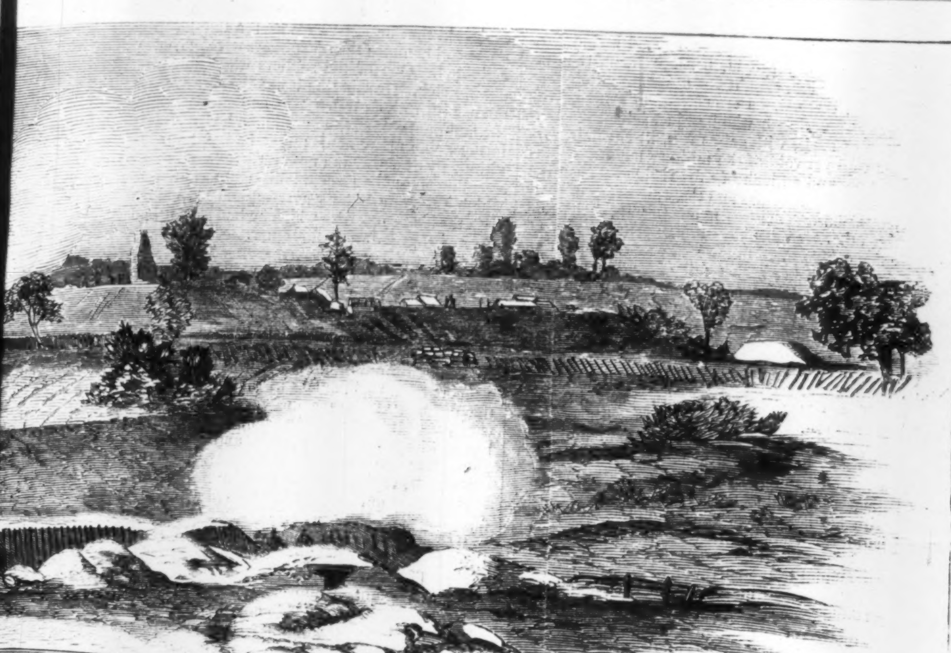


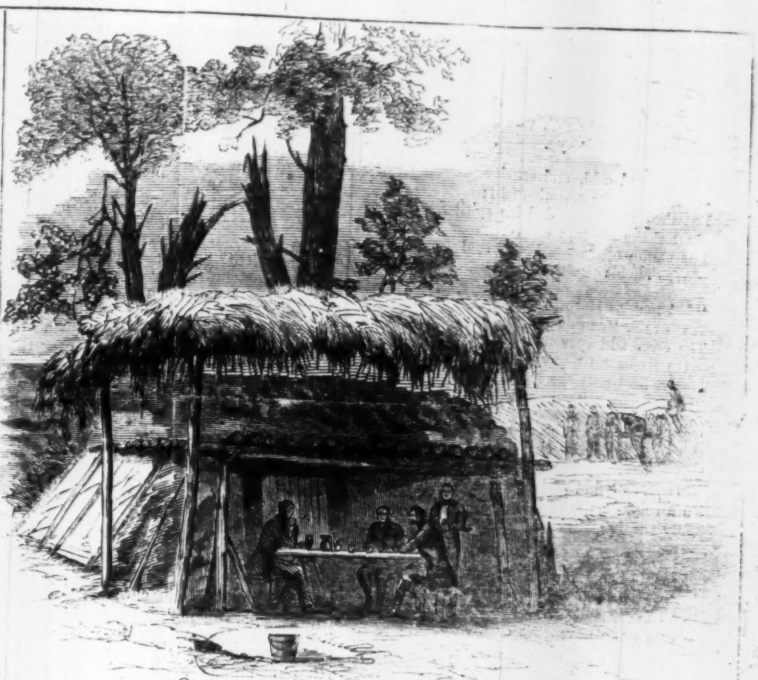
SOLDIERS WELLS.



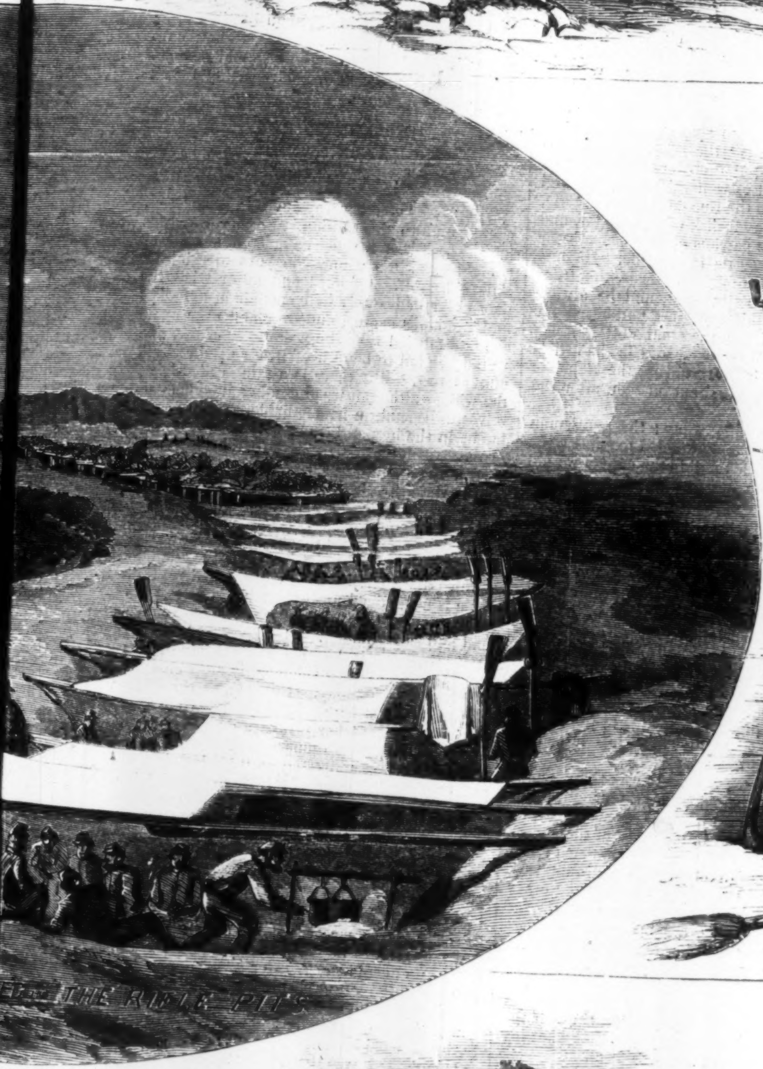
BATTERY OF MORTARS AND LIGHT TWELVES

ENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE

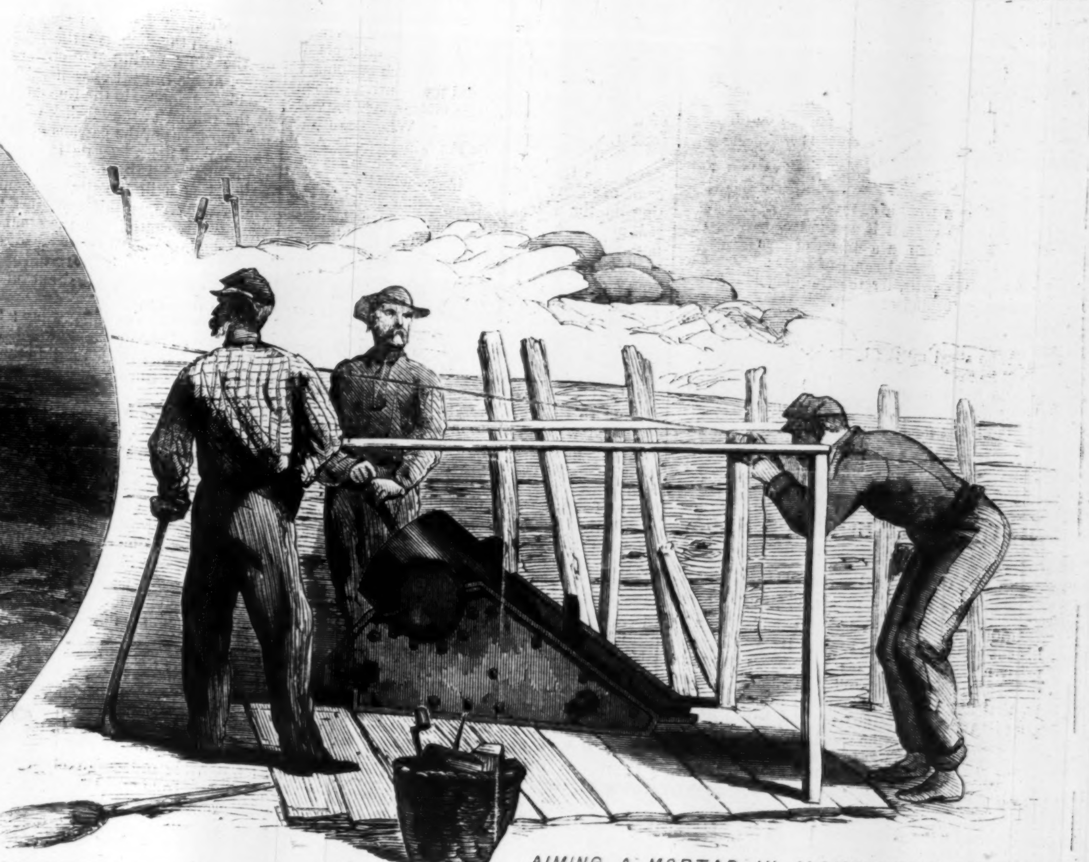




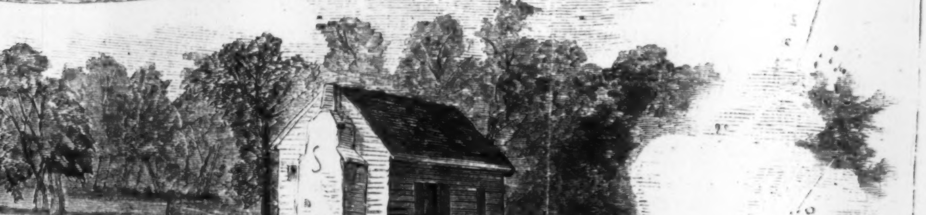
OFFICERS QUARTERS ON THE FRONT



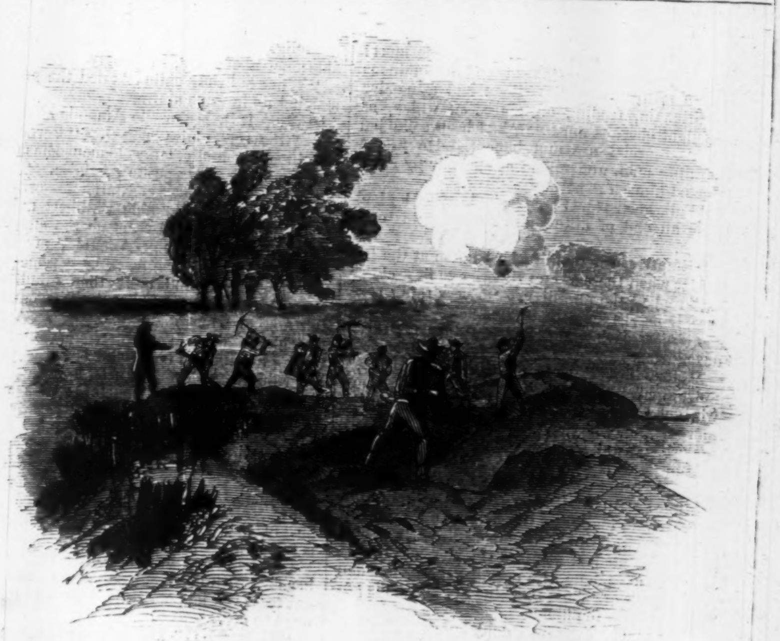
THE RIFLE PITS



AIMING A MORTAR. IN JACKSONS CT BATTERY.



S 1ST CT HEAVY ARTILLERY. LT JACKSON. 18TH CORPS.



MAKING PARALLELS.

E PETERSBURG.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 502.]

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

He lay upon the barren ground
  Beneath the evening sky,
While the haggard prisoners gathered round
  To see their comrade die,
For the damp of death was on his brow,
  Its fever in his eye.

Famine, and cold, and cruelty
  Had done their work of ill;
But they could not bind his spirit free,
  Or shake his iron will;
The stamp of a high, heroic soul
  Was on his features still.

"Let me not sleep in the tainted clay,"
  He said, "of this prison isle;
The river will bear me ere the day
  On its bosom many a mile.
I shall float past the hated traitor holds
  Death-free, with a scornful smile.

"I shall float till through my dreams shall go
  The thrill of the chainless sea.
The comrades I left are down below;
  They will find and carry me
To a soldier's grave in my native town
  By the banks of the Genesee."

Then one by one the sacred grip
  To his bony hand they gave,
With such a silence on every lip
  As fits a spirit brave,
Whose promise reaches darkly through
  The boundaries of the grave.

There was talk of home and loved ones there,
  And messages left for each,
And the words of the half-remembered prayer
  A mother alone can teach,
Till the awful, changeless stillness came,
  The broken links of speech.

They marked his name, and State, and town
  Upon a light canteen,
And bound it, when the moon was down,
  His withered hands between;
And tenderly in the river laid
  His death-cold form unseen.

Silently as a wreath of foam
  Down the current it was borne,
Perhaps too deep in a dream of home
  For the promised smile of scorn;
Perhaps too swift, for the frowning bluffs
  Lay far behind at morn.

It drifted to a sentinel's feet
  Who stood by the lower shore,
And he read the name with a quick heart-beat
  He had known so well before;
And the prisoner now by the Genesee
  Is at rest for evermore!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXIT FRANCIS BLUNT, ESQUIRE.

Good papa—it is useless to trouble you with his surname; you would forget it; you have so many names to think of; he appears but for a moment on the stage, and it is sufficient, surely, that he was little Amanda's father, and the guardian of the Edifice on the banks of the Seine—good papa, who was lank and slim, quite of the old school, and whose scanty hair was not innocent of a slight suspicion of powder, sat down with Monsieur Philibert to breakfast. The mightier beef-steak, the more succulent omelet, the stronger red wine, were placed before them. They were helped bountifully, and they ate plentifully. Philibert especially enjoyed the good things of this life with a gusto which, to the spectator, was well-nigh ravishing. The meat and drink seemed to do him so much good. He a vampire! He a ghoul! He a croque mort! He seemed a plump-legged and abdominous cherub rather, in spotless linen and a massive watch-chain, feeding on ambrosia, which, as corpulent cherubs must eat, had been solidified for his especial use and benefit. He was a charming man, and talked as charmingly as he refected himself generously.

"Full, good papa?" he asked, when he had made an end of filling and emptying his own mouth.

"Empty as the mouth of a cannon at the Invalides when there are no victories to fire salutes for," replied the guardian. "Every thing is as bare, là-bas, as the palm of my hand. The Hôtel des Trépassés has not had a lodger for three days."

"Hôtel des Trépassés—good, very good," murmured Philibert. "You have a pleasant wit, good papa, a right pleasant wit. A little more Beaune, if you please. Thank you. It makes one quite chirrup, that little red wine. But business is usually slack at this time of the year; is it not so, papa? In the lively month of June your heart-broken grisette does not think of charcoal, and hates the sight of a brazier: it is so warm. And then your bankrupt student, your discontented Faust. He is not quite so ready to have done with the great problem when the schools are about breaking up, and he is going home for the holidays."

"Ma foi! I'm sure I don't know. The seasons don't make so very much difference to us. Bon an, mal an, we have always a fair average of lodgers, winter and summer. It is only the English who make of November a special month for the settlement of their little accounts with Fate."

"Ah! those English. A strange, perverse, intractable race. Hopelessly eccentric are those sons of Albion. They tell me there is no Administration of the Pompes Funèbres in that brumous country, and that their proud and phlegmatic aristocracy, carrying their hereditary spleen even beyond the tomb, have lately taken it into their heads to be buried without the slightest state or ceremony. The morose insularies! Still, do I hear that Monsieur Thiers is making Milord Palmerston listen to reason as to the grand affair—the rendition of the sacred ashes of the Emperor."

"You are growing cracked with your emperor and his sacred ashes, mon gros," the guardian, with good-humored petulance, observed. "You ask me one question, and then you fly off at a tangent to that eternal St. Helena. It is disrespectful to the Order of Things. It is flying in the face of the dynasty of July."

"Pardon, good papa. Patriotism is, I trust, not incompatible with veneration for the great deeds of times past, and for him the immortal hero. But you were saying—"

"I was saying that between November and June no very great disparity in the number of my lodgers was perceptible. With commendable regularity they continue to patronize the hôtel pretty well all the year round. Our present emptiness, for example, is almost unprecedented. People must be very happy, or the world very peaceable, or the Chapter of Accidents well-nigh exhausted, to account for it."

"It is certainly curious."

"It is more than curious—it is vexatious," good papa, rubbing his ear with some irritation, resumed. "Our usual sources of supply seem to have failed us lately. It is June, certainly, but then don't people go down to St. Cloud, spend their employers' money in reckless dissipation, and cut their throats through remorse next morning? Don't young men hire boats at Asnières in a state of inebriety, capsize their embarkations in a tipsy attempt to row, and get drowned? Are there no lovers' quarrels at Fontenay-aux-Roses, resulting in the customary laudanum, or the usual and inexpensive branch of a tree? Where is our midsummer harvest from the Bois de Vincennes? Where are our returns from the Forêt de Fontainebleau? And the Palais Royal, and Frascati's—what has become of them? Have half the world been betting on the black, and the other half on the red, and have both red and black turned up alternately, so that both have won? It is incomprehensible. And the assassinations? Is the Cité pulled down? Are there no more bandits in the Rue aux Fèves, no more liberated convicts on the Quai de Billy, no more night prowlers at the outer barriers? And misery! misery that always exists, that always brings its quota of lodgers to the hôtel. Ma parole d'honneur, je n'y vois guère."

And so the gossips went on. The women-folk had withdrawn to a window, and, softly chatting among themselves, were watching the ever-changing panorama on the river shores beneath. Philibert was telling the guardian of a grand funeral which took place in the reign of Louis the Eighteenth—a funeral on a raw, cold November day—a day so cold, so raw, that three personages, eminent in French history, standing round the open grave, caught cold, and caught their deaths, too; for they all expired in less than three months afterward.

"Let me see," prattled Philibert, counting on his fingers; "there was Monsieur Marchangy, he whom Béranger—what a funeral the great poet will have!—castigated so mercilessly dans le temps, ever so long ago. Then there was that distinguished ornament to the bar, Monsieur Robert de Saint-Vincent. And, finally, there was Brillat-Savarin—Savarin the unequaled, the incomparable, the illustrious gastronomical philosopher who—"

"A-a-h!" Lily gave a little scream and ran back, trembling like a frightened fawn, from the window. Amanda followed her and caught her hand to calm her. Amanda was disturbed by her friend's agitation, but she was not terrified. She had looked from that window too often and too long. Madame Thomas remained immovable: her nose glued, seemingly, to the pane.

"What is it, my child?" cried the guardian, starting up in some alarm.

"What is it, Ma'mselle Amanda?" the master of the ceremonies echoed. "Perhaps," he continued, mentally, "my eloquence has touched the sympathies of la petite Anglaise. They are very sentimental, these charming misses. Would that the effect the humble Philibert may have made upon her would react on the stony heart of Amanda. Oh! my Amanda, my Amandine!" Monsieur Philibert, be it remembered, was a widower, and more than middle-aged; but he had not yet abandoned all hopes of forming a second matrimonial alliance. A pretty, amiable, well-to-do partner, able to conduct during his absence on official business a genteel mourning establishment, a maison de deuil, on the Boulevard des Capucines: this was his dream of bliss.

"It is nothing, it is nothing, papa," Amanda hastened to reply to her father's query; "or, rather, it is a mere trifle, a bagatelle; but Ma'mselle Lily is not used to such sights, and it has frightened her. It is your affair. C'est quelqu'un qu'on porte ici—it is Somebody who is coming, my papa."

Lily had sunk into a chair, and had covered her face with her hands, and was sobbing without tears. The poor little thing was too frightened to cry.

"Is it gone?" she asked, as Amanda bent over her to soothe her.

"You silly little soul, there is nothing to be alarmed at. I live in the midst of such things, and they never trouble me. Papa takes care of all that sort of thing."

Madame Thomas, with her nose to the pane, gave a low prolonged sound like "haough." Madame Thomas was keen-scented; she sniffed the lodger from afar off.

The two men went up and stood beside her. And then they beheld, beneath them, that of which Lily had caught but a distant glimpse.

First, there was a crowd. Two soldiers, recently conscripted, who had just joined the garrison of Paris, with gaby faces, ill-cut hair, forage-caps yet void of the military manner of setting on, and an inch of shirt visible between the hems of their jackets and the waistbands of their pantaloons. One was munching an apple, and the other was smoking a half-penny cigar, of course. To them followed a water-carrier, and a cook with her basket full of green-stuff, who had just partaken of a morning sip with the Aquarius aforesaid; a flock of ragged boys in blouses, coming home from a primary school, who were swinging their satchels, and shrilly interchanging criticisms upon Somebody's appearance and odor—especially upon his odor; half a dozen workmen with pipes in their mouths; and an old gentleman with a straw-hat, spectacles, and a blue gingham umbrella, who may have been a member of the Institute, a retired banker, a spy of the police, or a begging-letter writer taking an airing, but who, with his hat, his spectacles, and his umbrella, had formed an integral portion of similar crowds any time these fifty years: at the Federal Pact ceremonial in the Champ de Mars, at the Feast of the Goddess of Reason, at the whipping of Théroigne de Mircourt, at the execution of Robespierre, at the cannonade of the Eighteenth Brumaire, at the explosion of the first Infernal Machine, at the Coronation of Napoleon, at the entry of the Allies into Paris in 'fourteen, at the Champ de Mai in 'fifteen, at the removal of the Horses of St. Mark from the Arch of the Carrousel, at the assassination of the Duke of Berry, at the barricades of July, at the Hôtel de Ville when Jacques Lafayette showed the Duke of Orleans to the mob as "the best of republics," at the riots during the cholera year 'thirty-three, at the funeral of General Lamarque, and the bloody conflict in the Rue de la Tixeranderie, at the raising of the Obelisk of the Luxor, and the interment of the patriots of July beneath the Column of the Place de la Bastille. He had made one in all these famous crowds, this tranquil old man in the straw-hat, and he always had a book under his arm just purchased for seventy-five centimes on the Quai Voltaire. He had seemingly never changed save in the article of a pigtail, which he wore during the Republic and the Empire, and had cut off soon after the Second Restoration.

This was the crowd. Stay: the gentleman who shaved poodles, and attended to cats on the Pont Neuf, had left his stall in the care of an old woman, and run up just to see what was going on. His temporary absence from duty was perhaps explanatory of that "Va en ville" which, on his sign-boards, have in our time often mystified us. Stay, once more. Two or three sergents de ville, their swords drawn, kept close to the object which was the nucleus of the throng, and had drawn it together. Finally, in the rear of the procession—for it was a mobile crowd, and in penny-a-lining diction might have been called a cortége—there followed leisurely three well-dressed men, who had breakfasted together that morning, and, taking a walk afterward for recreation, had fallen in with something of the nature of a spectacle or show, and were determined to follow it to the end.

That end was now near. It was the door of the Edifice. Philibert drew up the window, and could look right down upon the Something that was being borne along in the midst of the gazers and the school-boy critics. Four men of the water-side order—an order which differs very slightly from one end of the world to the other—were carrying, by means of straps yoked over their brawny shoulders, a kind of stretcher or bier. On it lay Something about six feet long. It was entirely covered with some coarse sacking, from which, as it swayed along, water dripped pretty freely on the sunny June pavement. A moment's glance at this Something beneath the sacking was sufficient to tell you that what lay there had been human and was dead.

"A lodger at last," quoth the guardian, quietly. "I must go down and see to his toilet. Will you be one of us, mon gros? Amanda, my angel, thou wilt amuse Ma'mselle Lily until I return."

Madame Thomas would have dearly liked to join the party bound for the basement, but lacking an invitation, was forced to content herself with assisting in the consolation of Lily.

The task was not a very difficult one. The girl soon forgot the ugly object whose real import she had by intuition guessed. Then Amanda played and sang to her again; and, what with the warbling of the birds and the lively prattle of her companions, she soon grew comparatively cheerful.

Not so cheerful, perhaps, as those below who were making the lodger's toilet, and whistling over their task.

It was a paradoxical toilet, for, in order to dress him, they undressed him, and left him stark. Although he had had lately a great deal more water than was good for him—the excess of fluid had indeed been a proximate cause of his decease—they had no sooner gotten him on to his bed of rest than they set more water to trickle over him. It is true that to keep him sweet they mingled some chlorid of lime with the water. He had need to be kept sweet, this lodger, for he was drowned as well as dead.

The crowd, who had been excluded from the Edifice for half an hour after the admission of the lodger with his bearers, and who had grown as impatient as any other crowd—say that waiting for admission to the pit of a theatre—would under similar circumstances; the crowd had at last ingress allowed it. The sight-seers poured in and saw the show. They came straggling out by twos and threes soon afterward. Their criticisms on the spectacle were various. The cook said that he must have been a fine-looking man—bel homme; the school-boys were of course delighted. One of the soldiers when he came out was sick. He said that it was the cigar which made him feel unwell. The audience were in the main agreed that the dead man had not been in the Seine many hours; that he had been legitimately drowned and not murdered—notwithstanding an ugly gash on his right shoulder: which the connoisseurs averred had been done with the boat-hook with which he had been fished up; and that he was a foreigner.

Of the three well-dressed men who had followed the crowd at their leisure only one had at first entered the Edifice. It was Jean Baptiste Constant.

Rataplan had flatly refused to go in. He had no taste for such horrors, he said.

Franz Stimm promised to enter, on receiving a report from Constant as to the appearance of the dead. "I likes a ansom gorps," said the courier. "It is schrecklich schön, muy grazioso; but ven he is vets and vounds, and zmells bad, he makes mine stomjacks veel queer."

So J. B. Constant went in alone.

He rushed out a minute afterward with a livid face.

"Come in, both of you!" he cried. "As I live, I have found him—my old master—the child's father—Mr. Blunt!"

Francis Blunt, Esquire, stiff and stark, his soaked and shabby clothes hanging on a peg behind him, lay, indeed, on a cold slab in the Morgue of Paris.

So there is death in life, and life in death; and the daughter was alive above, while the father was dead below; and both should reck nothing of their meeting or their parting till all meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LILY RUNS AWAY.

There was no other way out of it. She loved, wholly and to desperation, and her love was hopeless. She felt that she must either die or go. She was too young, too pure to think of killing herself. Of hard and bitter trials the poor child had surely had enough in her short and troublous career, and over and over again she had fancied that she was weary of life, and would be glad to be quit of it, for good and all, and at rest. But there is a thing called hope, the which, although we pretend or imagine ourselves to be sunk in irremediable despair, is still latent in the human breast. Although the bed of the stream may be dry in the parched and arid season the mountain springs are never choked, and in time the old channel will be flooded, and the river will rise and reach the ocean. Although she suffered and wept very sorely, within her was still that elasticity and rebounding power which, under heaven, might give her strength to endure anguish more terrible than any she had yet felt. Hope is never dead until the mind is utterly unable to suggest an alternative. Then you go mad and slay yourself.

Her passion, it became sadly evident, was known to, or at least vehemently suspected by, Madame de Kergolay. By degrees the affectionate kindness with which the good old lady was wont to treat her protégée dwindled down to a cold and ceremonious tolerance of her presence. She was addressed as "Mademoiselle," and as "you," instead of "little darling," "little angel," and a hundred other terms of endearment, and "thou." If she were absent for an hour no inquiries were made as to where she had been. Soon she was allowed to remain in her chamber for half a day together, unasked for and unnoticed. Complete and contemptuous indifference on the part of her patroness seemed to set in. She was asked to perform no little tasks, to remove no cushions, to give her opinion on no needle-work. Her own growing proficiency in the accomplishments which had been taught her elicited no admiration from her for whose praise Lily fondly looked, and, until lately, had looked alone.

One day—it was the first for a very long time—the old lady sent for her, and in acid and querulous tones gave her that which women, among themselves, call "a good talking to," that which was half a reprimand and half an attempt to extort a confession. Madame de Kergolay made no direct accusation against Lily; but her doubts, her innuendoes, her denunciations of an implied ingratitude, heartlessness, and hypocrisy, were a hundred times more painful to the girl than if she had brought a specific indictment against her, and charged her with the commission of deliberate crime. She told her how mortifying it was for the aged to find their efforts on behalf of the young requited by treachery and deceit. She delivered cutting apophthegms on the ease with which young persons thought they could delude and hoodwink their elders; she delivered sardonic apologues as to certain vipers which had been warmed in compassionate bosoms, and how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child, even when it happened that the child in question was an adopted one. And a good deal more did she expatiate on the reverence and loyalty that were due from inferiors toward those who, although they might have been deprived by Providence in its wisdom of their worldly possessions, were still immeasurably and irrevocably above them.

A dozen times during this harangue was Lily on the point of casting herself at the old lady's feet, of clinging to her dress, of embracing her, of avowing her love, of admitting that it was rash, mad, wicked, unreciprocated, of adjuring her by the memory of all the loving-kindness she had hitherto experienced, to forgive her and to bless her, and to permit her to retire from her presence and her house, to pray for her benefactress, no longer petted and fondled by her, but still unreproved and undiscarded. This was not to be. So soon as words of admission began to quiver on Lily's lips the old lady would tell her, with freezing dignity, that she had no wish to pry into her secrets, that she doubtless knew her own affairs best, that she must be the best judge under the circumstances as to what was due to society, to those who had befriended her, and to herself; that she would not presume to offer any counsel to so high and mighty a personage as Mademoiselle, whom she had then the honor to address: and that, after all, she must know a great deal more about the world and its ways than those who were three, if not four times her age. “You belong to a rising and precocious generation, Mademoiselle,” the ancient dame concluded, with bitter and condescending irony; “to a generation which has made up its mind to outrage and to insult all that persons of maturer age deem worthy of preservation and respect: to a generation which has cast such bagatelles as truth, gratitude, honesty, and maidenly modesty to the four winds of heaven. Allez! I am not deceived. I am only a little disappointed. I have only lost another of the few and most fondly cherished illusions which remained between me and my grave.”

Lily saw that in her present temper it was useless to argue with one who, rightly or wrongly, had evidently a preconceived prejudice against her, and that one of the strongest nature. In very humble and submissive accents she asked, as she was Quite Alone and friendless, what were madame's intentions toward her as regarded the future. “I don't know much,” added Lily, plaintively; “but if madame thinks me strong enough, I am ready to go out as a governess. Herein Lily indulged in a vague reminiscence of the Pension Marcassin, and of the mission to which, according to Miss Marygold, all young girls who had the misfortune to be educated and poor were doomed.

“Ma foi,”—responded Madame de Kergolay, shrugging her shoulders, half in indifference and half in embarrassment, “I scarcely know. I suppose I must speak to cet abbé malencontreux, that inopportune ecclesiastic who brought you here. Yes; I must speak to him; et puis on verra. As for assuming the functions of a governess at your immature age—ne vous en déplaise pas le mot—and with the crude and imperfect, if not vicious, education you have already acquired, the idea strikes me as being utterly preposterous and absurd. Nor, although I do not doubt your great quickness and aptitude for learning any thing to which you choose to apply your mind, do I think you at all qualified, with your previous irregular training, to instill sentiments of piety and morality into the young.”

Every thing and every body was seemingly against our unhappy Lily. “What, then, do you wish me to do, madame?” she continued, in a subdued tone.

“I repeat, we shall see. Something may turn up. Were you of a different creed, or were your mind differently constituted, it might be expedient for a young and destitute person for whom generous individuals were willing to make a small dotation, to take the vows and seek the retirement of a convent; the dames of St. Vincent de Paul would be happy to receive any novice of my recommendation for a sum of three thousand francs once paid. But, to speak frankly, I should hesitate to consign to a cloister a young lady possessing so very sprightly a disposition.”

“I can sew, I can be a servant,” urged poor Lily, dolorously.

“Et faire la cuisine par-dessus le marché, et faire danser l'anse du panier,” Madame de Kergolay, with grim sarcasm, went on. “O, I have very little doubt of the variety of your talents, even for domestic service. You would make an admirable soubrette in one of M. de Marivaux's comedies—one of those astute chambermaids who are the life and soul of an intrigue, and are not indisposed occasionally to a little flirtation with M. le Marquis.”

Poor Lily began to sob as though her heart would break. She felt, in all intensity, the contempt and dislike expressed in these words. She felt that she was being treated with cruelty and injustice, but she had not the courage indignantly to justify herself.

Madame de Kergolay seemed more wearied than touched by the girl's grief. “There,” she said, waving her hand as Lily's sobs grew more passionate, “we can dispense with these miaulements. M. de Buffon has told us all about crocodiles and their tears. I am too nervous, and too much of an invalid, to be able to support any scenes. I shall be obliged to you to give me no theatrical tirades, and to leave the room.”

Burying her face in her handkerchief, and endeavoring, but in vain, to suppress her sobs, Lily obeyed the command, and turned to go.

“You will not, if you please, approach me again,” continued the inexorable old lady, “until you are sent for. Your presence, in sight of recent events, is productive of any thing but pleasurable sensations. M. l'Abbé and I will confer as to your future, and in due time you will be made acquainted with our decision. Your meals will be served to you in your own chamber. Justice and consideration—much more than you have been willing to extend to others—will be dealt out to you. Affection and indulgence you can no longer expect. Go, misguided child!”

Lily's trembling hand was on the lock of the door, her foot was on the threshold to depart, when she heard once more the old lady's voice.

“One moment. Let me give you a word of counsel. Any little arrangements you may have made for carrying on a most culpable intrigue have been frustrated. M. Edgar Greyfaunt has left for England.”

It was the first time, in all her reproachful speeches, that she had mentioned her grandnephew's name. It was the first time that she had directly made allusion to any connection between Edgar and the cause of her anger. The hint was quite enough for Lily.

She went forth from the presence of the kind heart which had melted for her, a poor, destitute, friendless stranger, and which now seemed turned to marble. What had she done? Ah! her heart told her too well, and with damning precision. She had dared to love. She had presumed to look up from her lowly station to the patrician kinsman of her benefactress. The eagle may look at the sun, but not the worm. Her upturned gaze had been met by a withering frown. She had been stricken down and trampled under foot. It was all over now. She was discovered, detected, degraded. Madame de Kergolay regarded her as a monster of ingratitude. The abbé would but reflect his patroness's opinion. The very servants would look askance upon her as one proscribed and in disgrace. And Edgar? Edgar, ah misery! was gone.

There was nothing left for her but to go too. Whither she knew not. She had but a few francs in her pocket; she dared not take with her any considerable portion of her wardrobe; besides, it was supplied to her by Madame de Kergolay, and was not hers to take. She had no friends—none, at least, to whom she would dare to appeal in her extremity. Amanda at the Morgue was barely an acquaintance. She dared not go to that dreadful place again. There was, it was true, the Pension Marcassin. Should she go there, confront the ogress in black velvet who had made her girlhood miserable, and entreat her, even on her knees, to take her back again, were it even as a common drudge to sweep and scrub the class-rooms out? But how would the ogress receive her? Would she not spurn her, or at best dismiss her with derision? And then, was not the abbé in constant communication with the Marcassin, and would not her retreat be known? She wanted to go away somewhere and hide her head. She wanted to be heard of no more by those who once loved her but now looked upon her with aversion and disdain. She wanted to be Quite Alone.

If she could only find the Marygold! But where was she to seek for her, and what assistance could she expect from her even if she found her? No, she would go to England, she thought. It would not cost much to reach England. She would ask where Stockwell was, and endeavor to find out the Bunnycastles. She would seek for Cutwig & Co.; nay, with a kind of blush she thought that she might meet the tall gentleman who had met her at the Greenwich dinner when she was a child, and had been kind to her.

But what if she should fall into the hands of the strange and imperious lady who had brought her from beyond the sea! Well, she had borne that before, and might bear it again. It could scarcely be worse than the misery she was now enduring.

To England, then. But how? She was as ignorant of the means by which the desired land was to be reached as any child of five years old could be, nor did she venture to ask any one around her for information. She knew nothing of the formalities requisite to procure a passport even for inland traveling, or how she was to reach the coast, or get on board ship. She would ask, she thought, when she had taken to flight, and was beyond pursuit. Pursuit! Would any one deem it worth his while to pursue so forlorn and deserted a little maiden as she was? At all events, she would seek her way, and, if necessary, beg it. Perhaps it would end in her dying of hunger and cold like the Children in the Wood; and where were the Robin Redbreasts who would cover her with leaves?

Nineteen francs and seventeen centimes: that was the sum total of her resources: the residue of Madame de Kergolay's last gift of pocket-money. How sorry she was now that she had bought those little lawn cuffs and kerchief at “Le Chat qui pelote” in the Rue St. Denis! But she was happy then, and had not been scolded—ah! so cruelly—and did not dream of running away. Was her contemplated flight wrong? Ay, surely it was; both wicked and self-willed, and hard-hearted, and ungrateful. But what was she to do? Who was to advise, to censure, to dissuade her? She had no friends, and she was Quite Alone.

Stay! She had a golden locket which Madame de Kergolay had given her. It was encircled, too, with small diamonds, and contained a lock of hair of the Martyr King—of Louis the Sixteenth. She would be obliged to sell that if her money were insufficient to take her to England. There were plenty of shops on the quays where they advertised in the windows to buy old gold, and silver, and diamonds, in any quantity and at good prices. Was it not base, mean, almost felonious, to sell the pretty trinket which she whom Lily loved best in the world had given her? Truly her conscience told her it was. But she had no hope, no means, save in the disposal of that locket. Perhaps the dealer would be merciful enough to keep it for her till she could earn enough money to buy it back again, and then she would return it to Madame de Kergolay. She tormented herself with all kinds of blundering sophistry, and, had she been a professed logician, she could not have arrived at last at more erroneous conclusions. At all events the locket had been given to her. Was it not her own? She tried to persuade herself that it was. To a certain extent it might have been; but never, surely, to use as a basis for running away. Well, God forgive her her naughtiness, she thought desperately. But she must sell the locket.

And why to England, since she knew that Edgar Greyfaunt had gone thither? Should not prudence, pride, that “maidenly modesty,” her want of which the cruel Madame de Kergolay had taunted her with, deter her from following to a strange land the man she loved, but who could not care five centimes for her? Again sophistry came to her aid. She was not following him. England was a very large place. There was surely room enough there for two. Besides, had she not a right in England? Was she not of English birth? Had she not passed a portion of her childhood there? Might she not find friends in England? Friends! A fresh burst of sobs broke from her as she remembered how utterly friendless and alone she was.

All this and much more she thought of on her way to the little bedroom where she had once been so happy. She had scarcely the heart to enter it again, or to open the casement and look out upon the housetop, and see the blue smoke wreathing upward, and listen to the jangling piano, and the voice of Jules quarreling with Seraphine his wife. She had nothing more to do with Paris. Its sights and sounds were to be henceforth estranged from her. For an hour or more she sat on the stairs outside her door, her face in her hands, her tears mingling with her thoughts, her sense of thorough loneliness and misery with both. And then she went into her chamber and cast herself on the bed, and lay there thinking and sobbing till it was dark.

They brought her up some dinner in due season; but the ancient servitor, acting probably under instructions, only knocked at the door, and telling her in a harsh voice that her repast was served, left it there on a tray and retired. He came up again in an hour's time, found that the viands had not been touched, and took the tray away again without a word.

“Let her starve herself if she chooses,” the unbending old lady down stairs said, when the ancient servant, whose heart was bleeding somehow for Lily, represented these facts to his mistress. “It is a voluntary act on her part. She is not locked in. The food was placed at her door, and she was duly informed of its being there.”

“But suppose mademoiselle becomes ill—falls into a languor—into syncope, in a word—madame would be very sorry.”

“Madame would be nothing whatever of the kind,” the old lady retorted, sharply. “Hold your tongue. You presume upon my indulgence and the privilege of long service. Are you, too, about to turn on me—ungrateful?”

“Heaven forbid, madame.”

“It would seem like it. As for her starving herself, or falling ill, there is no danger of that. I tell you that it is only her temper. Mere sulkiness and obstinacy. This is the way with girls of the present generation. When I was at the convent, if I had behaved so, the good sisters would have given me the discipline. There, let me hear no more of this ungrateful and designing serpent. She will be hungry enough to-morrow morning, I will warrant.”

What dreadful crime had Lily committed that she could turn to such rancorous severity a nature which she had hitherto found soft, and yielding, and tender? Alas, her sin was unpardonable: it was the sin against pride and haughtiness. Madame de Kergolay could have excused her almost every thing; but she could not forgive her for being human.

Lily scarcely slept a wink that night—the last she was resolved to pass in the place which had been a home, and a happy home to her. She did not undress, but lay on the bed, tossing and tumbling restlessly. She rose, so soon as it was daylight, almost in a fever. She was full of pulses. Her blood beat the drum in her temples, her eyes, her ears, her wrists, her very gums, and the root of her hot tongue. She drank a long draught of cold water, which only seemed to render her more thirsty, and laved her hands and face in the fluid which still failed to cool her. Looking at herself in the glass she was terrified to see how swollen and inflamed her eyes looked, how sunken were her cheeks, with a hectic spot on each bone. She wanted rest, consolation, nourishment, or bleeding, it might be; but she could stay for none of these. A hundred clanging voices kept shouting out to her that there was no other way but this, and that she must run away.

The wretched little woman had made up her mind to fly. With her childhood, her girlhood, she seemed to have done forever. She was a grown-up Pariah and outcast now—an adult vagabond and wanderer upon the face of the earth. God help her; but there was no one else to render a hand of succor to her. She was afraid to put up any linen, any change of dress, or even so much as an additional shawl. She went forth in her usual walking-dress and simple bonnet, and naught else, save her beauty and her innocence—for though she was constrained to sell that locket she *was* innocent—to cover her.

But before she went away she knelt down and prayed Heaven earnestly and tearfully to bless the woman—her and her household—who had had mercy upon her, a solitary and helpless wayfarer. She prayed for the good clergyman who had brought her hither, at once the cause of her great happiness and her greater sorrow. And, finally, she prayed to be forgiven the deed she was about to do.

Then she rose up and hastily thrust beneath the wings of her bonnet the masses of soft brown hair she had been wont to arrange each morning with such dainty neatness. Then, sitting down at the little table where, with joy and contentment, she had been used to study, she penned a few hasty lines to Madame de Kergolay. She said that she would return no more, and that it was useless to seek for her; that she was not so wicked as to meditate suicide, and that she trusted in God to watch over and protect her. She confessed that she had been foolish, that she had been ungrateful, that she had been mad, in daring to love a certain person, but with passionate disclaimers she denied having been treacherous or hypocritical. And, finally, she implored Madame de Kergolay to forgive her, and to think of her not as she was, but as she had been.

It was a glorious summer morning, and the sun was literally pouring into the room, drenching every object with gold. Lily thought of that sunny morning she had sat on the carpet at Rhododendron House, and said “I won't,” to Miss Barbara Bunnycastle. Ah! how long ago that was. She was quite a little child then, though so unhappy. And now she was a woman, and unhappier than ever.

Brighter shone the sun, promising a glorious day. It was the twenty-seventh of July.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Ornithology.—The noisy Rooks in a Rookery never permit a Solo, but are perpetually joining in a Caw-rus.

For the Use of Schools.—In Latin it is curious that *Te* represents *U.*

“John,” said a doting parent to her gormandizing son, “do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?” “I don't know, ma,” replied young hopeful; “but I guess I can with a spoon.”

“Jenny of the Mill.”—Well, we suppose she's a spinning-jenny.

Silence, a Negative.—Do you know why high living is recommended for the rheumatism? Because you—no, it isn't—because you—wrong again—because—now for it—because you must live high, if you have the room-attics and sky-attic—eh?

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. “Hallo! where are you going at this time of night? for no good, I'll warrant!” “I was going for you, Sir.”

Compulsory Abstinence.—The Maine Law is defined by its advocates, “Liberty without License.”

Definition.—An Elevated Taste may be defined as a Liking for High Venison.

“Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?” said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. “It is so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest.”

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD.

A fitting gift to one whose merit lay
In being always prompt to Cut Away.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford, saying, “I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!”

Definition.—*Stern Duty.*—The Post of Helmsman.

The dark ages were a long night, with many thieves about, and few policemen.

LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Five days of the year we have fasting and prayer,
For the rest of the time we fight, drink, and swear.

“You can't do that again,” said the pig to the boy who cut off his tail.

“I'm attached to you, and yet I wish myself away,” as the overloaded donkey said to the cart.

It is funny to hear how the whole household and its visitors talk to the baby. A king in former times kept one fool; every baby has a dozen.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes in church during sermon.

Which is the most inactive plant?—The sloe.

Ink is the Black Sea on which thoughts ride at anchor.

Why is a Red Indian like a waterman?—Because he feathers his skull.

Memory has been defined as a bundle of dried time.

“I come to *steal*,” as the rat observed to the trap. “And I *spring* to embrace you,” as the trap replied to the rat.

A witness, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately—“he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horsewhipped him.”

“Rap! rap! rap!” “Come in,” said the country woman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. “Is Mr. Smith at home?” said he. “No, Sir; he'll be home in a short time though. Take a chair,” said Mrs. Smith. He selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off at a rapid rate.

If you wish to recollect a man's name go security for him. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

“I wonder where those clouds are going?” sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her thin, delicate finger to the heavy funereal masses that floated lazily in the sky. “I think they are going to thunder,” said her brother.

A General Order.—The following was posted in his house, a few days since, by a Poughkeepsie business man: “Head-quarters, House of ——, General Order, No. 1.—Julia: Until the price falls, no more butter will be used in our family. James.” He had hardly reached his counting-house, when a special messenger handed him this—“James: Until butter is reinstated, no more tobacco will be used in this house. Julia, Chief of Staff.” It is said that butter won.

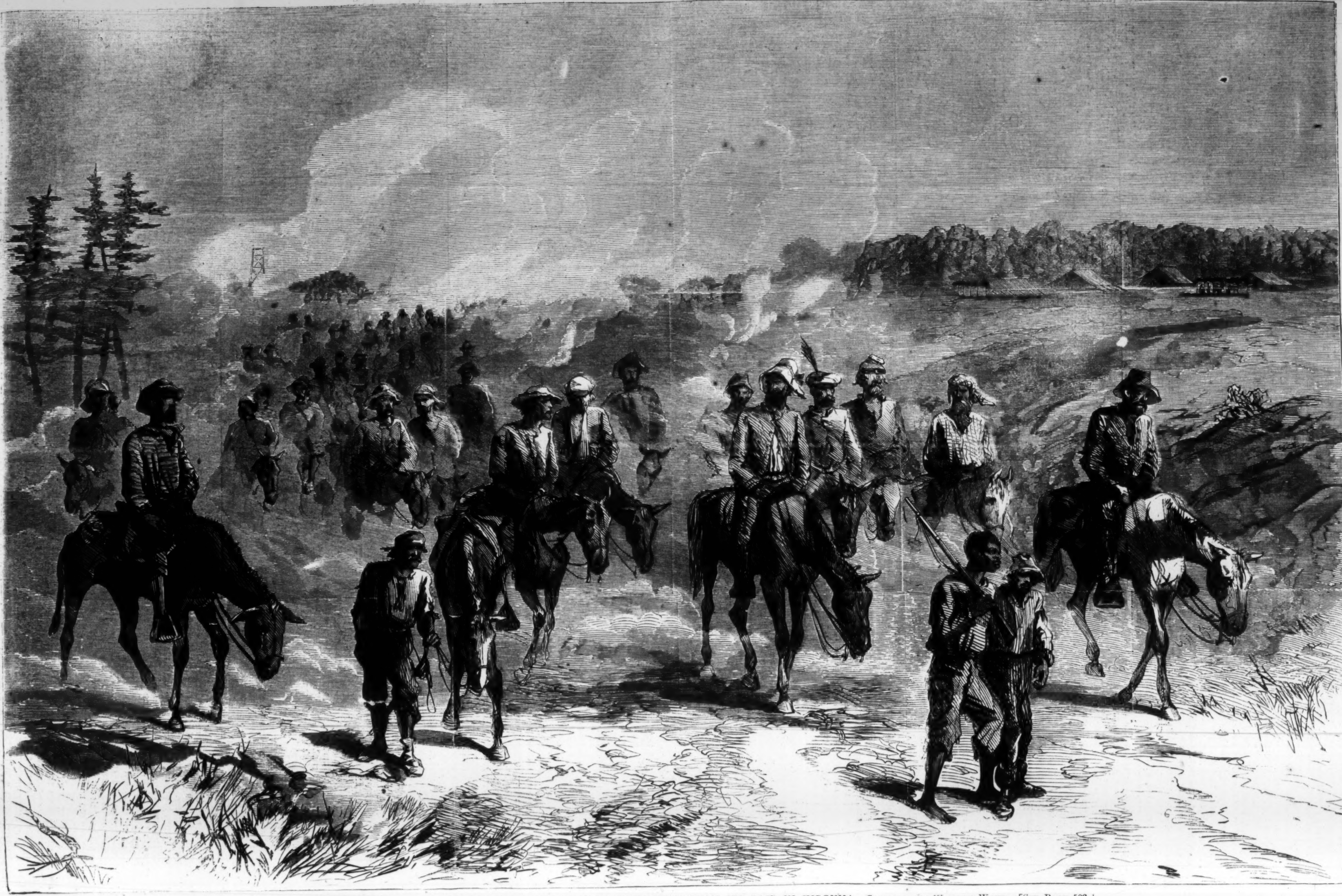
An enterprising quack has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original bark; he calls it the “Sulphate of canine!” He anticipates a great popularity for it.

Smith asked Jones what the high price of butter was owing to. “A considerable part of it is owing to my grocer,” said Jones, “for it is two months since I have paid him.”

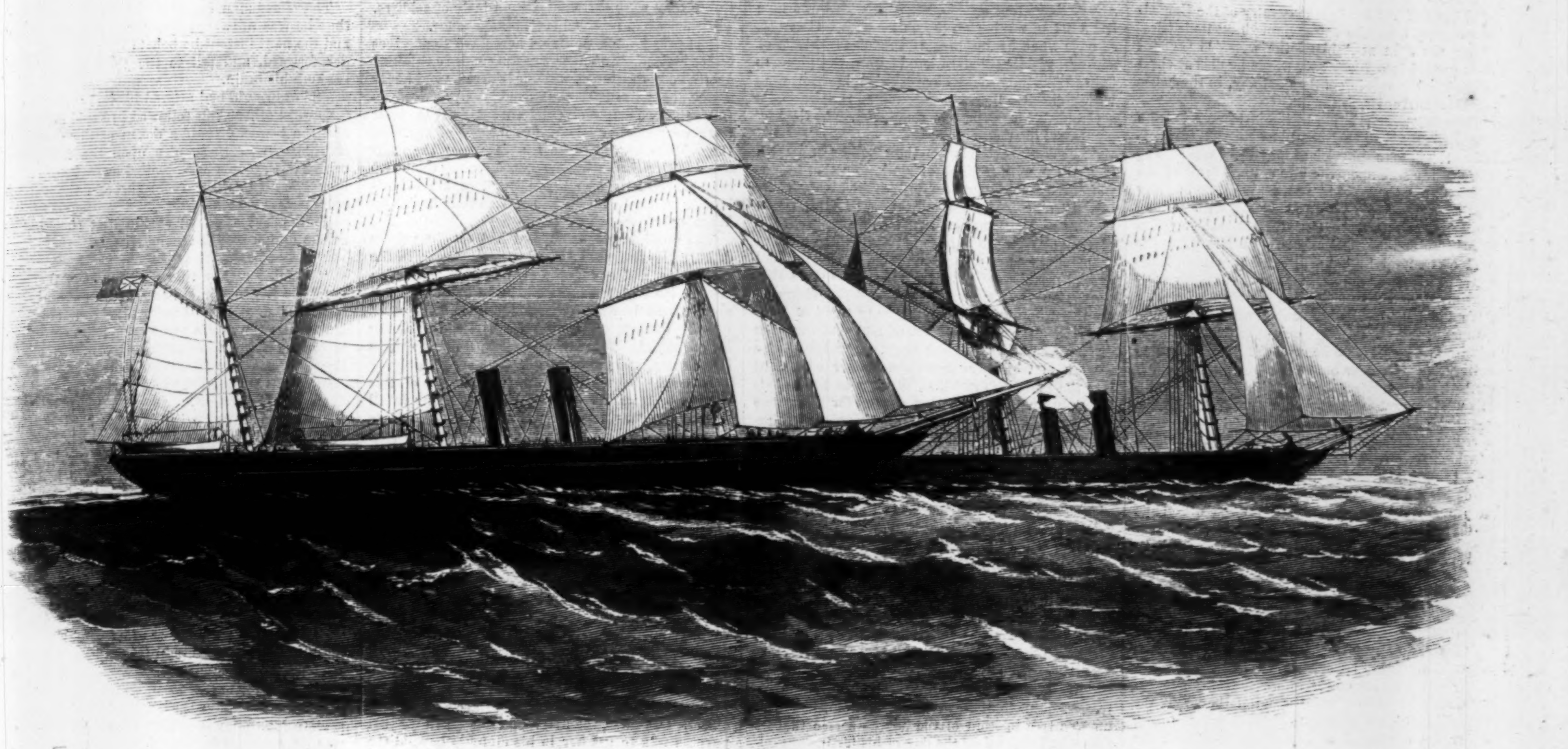
A debating society has under consideration the question—“Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?” The result it expected to be—“No; but impossible.”

How brightly do even little joys beam upon a soul darkened by the clouds of sorrow—as stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well or from cellars!

A gentleman was applied to by a crossing-sweeper for charity. The gentleman replied, “I will remember you when I return.” “Please your Honor,” says the man, “I'm ruined by the credit I give in that way.”



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—RETURN OF KAUTZ'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION FROM ITS RAID IN VIRGINIA.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 502.]



THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—THE "FLORIDA" AND "RAPPAHANNOCK."

REBEL PRIVATEERS.

THE illustrations of the *Florida* and the *Rappahannock*, which we give on this page, have now a peculiar interest from the fact that these vessels are, now that the *Alabama* is sunk, the only cruisers of any importance left to the Confederacy.

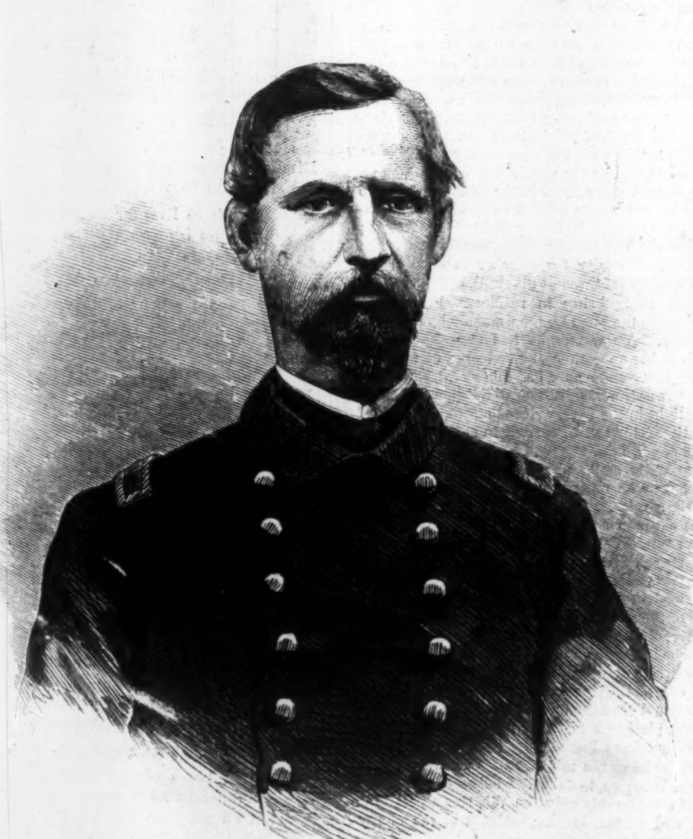
The *Florida*, which so lately made its presence off our coast known in rather a disagreeable manner, viz., by the capture of half a dozen American vessels, is a British vessel, built by LAIRD, and was launched in the spring of 1862 under the name of the *Oreto*. LAIRD made affidavit that the vessel was intended for the King of Sardinia. She was suspected and detained at Nassau, but being released reached Mobile. In the spring of 1863 we find her out on the seas again, capturing and burning our merchantmen. Her first and most valuable prize was the *Jacob Bell*, carrying 9000 chests of tea, and valued at one and a half million of dollars.

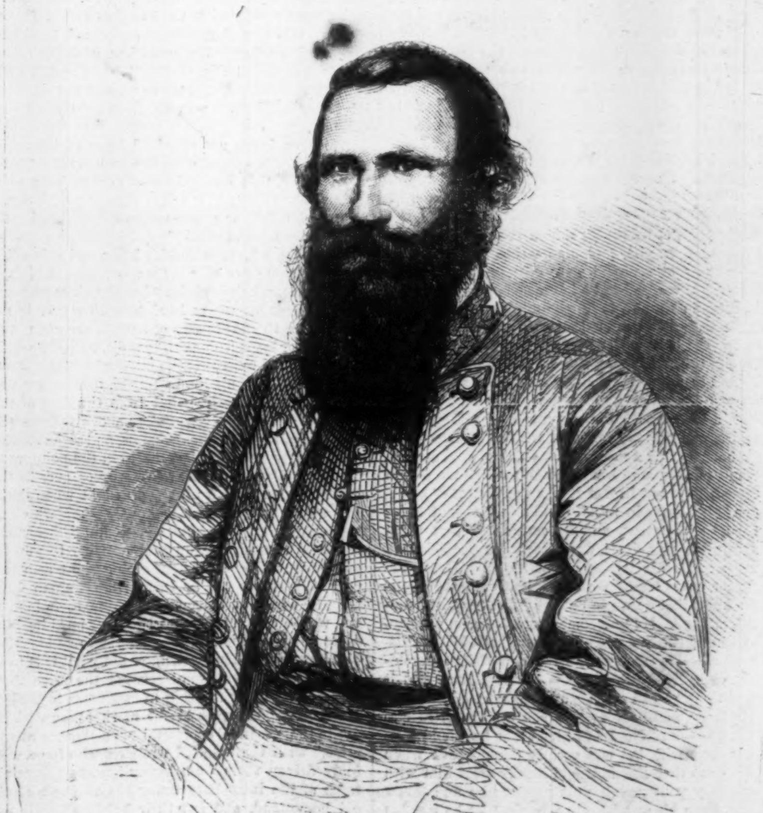
The *Rappahannock* is also a British ship, originally her Majesty's vessel *Victor*. The Admiralty permitted her after she was sold to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the *Scylla*, of London. Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the Nore the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. She went into Calais without armament, at which port she still remains; fitting out, it may be, for a cruise.

We also give a portrait of Captain MORRIS, commanding the *Florida*. Her former commander was Captain MAFFIT. The portrait is from a photograph taken at Brest, for which we are indebted to a gentleman lately captured by the *Florida*.

THE LATE CONFEDERATE GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

As a sequel to our portraits of General LEE and General LONGSTREET, published in recent numbers of this journal, we give on this page that of the late General J. E. B. STUART, who received his mortal wound in a cavalry skirmish with the detachment under General SHERIDAN at Ashland, in the neighborhood of Richmond, on the 11th May. This distinguished cavalry officer was born in Patrick County, Virginia, in 1835. He was educated at West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1854. He first entered the Mounted Rifles as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and was shortly afterward made Second Lieutenant in the First Cavalry; eight months later he was promoted to be First Lieutenant; he distinguished himself in a fight with the Cheyennes, June 29, 1857, and received a severe wound; he became a Captain in 1860, and resigned three years ago, when the civil war broke out. He then entered the Virginia State service as a Colonel of cavalry, and had the command of that arm at the first battle of Bull Run. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service, and was soon promoted to be Major-General. His next performance of consequence was an excursion within the Federal lines on the Pamunky River, during M'CLELLAN's campaign of 1862, at the head of 1000 horse and two guns. His greatest achievement was during the month of October of that year,


THE REBEL CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS, OF THE "FLORIDA."


THE LATE REBEL GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

when, with 1800 cavalry and four cannon, he passed from the south of the Potomac, traversed Maryland, and passing Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, at noon, entered Chambersburg after dark of the same day. The town surrendered without resistance. The troopers remained until next day, took all the spoil they desired, destroyed a great amount of property, and retreated across the Potomac on the left of General M'CLELLAN'S army without serious loss. General STUART had headed the cavalry of the Confederate army from the outset through all its battles. After the fight at Ashland the wounded General was carried into Richmond, where he died at eight o'clock in the evening of the next day, in the house of his relative, Dr. BREWER.

The following relating to his last hours is from the Richmond *Examiner:* "At half-past seven it was evident to the physicians that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the General, and they told him so, asking if he had any last message to give. The General, with a mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. LEE, the wife of General LEE, he directed that his golden spurs be given, as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he said to one of his staff, who was a heavy-built man, 'You had better take the larger horse; he will carry you better.' To his young son he left his glorious sword. His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. PETERKIN, a minister of the Episcopal Church, of which General STUART was a member, he asked him to sing a hymn, and joined in it with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the minister. To the doctor he again said, 'I am going fast now I am resigned. God's will be done.' Thus died General J. E. B. STUART."

SPECIAL SERVICE.

"BOYS, do any of you feel like volunteering on a special service of considerable risk?"

"What is it, Captain?" inquired Jackson.

"Don't know any more about it than that the General intends to send a detachment of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Bradford, the Tennesseean, whom you must all know pretty well by this time, on some particular mission. Bradford says he wants no man to volunteer unless he is prepared to face hot work. You all know what kind of a fighter he is, and what you need expect if you go with him," answered the Captain.

"I'm his man, for one!" exclaimed Jackson, jumping up with great alacrity.

Jackson was a wiry specimen of the genus Hoosier, and measured nearly six feet without his army-shoes.

"And I'm another!" "Count me in!" "I don't want to be left out in that deal!" "Nor I won't be euchred!" were some of the exclamations of the men as they sprang to their feet.

"There! hold on! The whole company can't go! He has two regiments to choose his men from," said the Captain. "Let the first ten that offered fall in and march to head-quarters."

With a similar spirit evinced throughout the regiments, Bradford had no trouble in securing more than double the number called for, and the great difficulty now was, who should go and who remain behind. Leaving him to settle this vexed question, we turn to other characters who figure in this brief drama of real life.

Dr. C——'s residence stood a few miles from Greenville, in East Tennessee. The Doctor was a native of the South, but had been educated at the North. At the time that Governor Harris and his co-laborers in treason endeavored to fasten Tennessee to the tail of the Secession car the Doctor was absent traveling in Asia, and was still detained abroad by sickness, and it was not publicly known which side had his sympathies; but the Secessionists claimed him as their own. In his absence his household was under the charge of a widowed sister and her daughter, a girl verging upon twenty summers. She was a native of Tennessee, but had also been educated at the North, and had brought back with her many New England ideas.

Though not a beauty, Emma H—— was a very prepossessing girl, and among her admirers and aspirants for her hand were Joseph Bradford and Richard Wharton. The latter had spent a number of years in California, in the mining districts, and had accumulated a few thousand dollars by his industry at the mines or at the gaming-table—probably at both. He was vain of his wealth, and delighted in flashy parades of it in the way of dress. Among his other notions, he had a black velvet vest, adorned with buttons made of gold quarter-eagles, and a blue dress-coat with gold half-eagles for buttons, and a massive fob-chain of gold dollars. Some persons were kind enough to attribute this to eccentricity, but in fact it was the design of a vulgar, semi-bravado mind. Wharton desired to be thought important, and he considered that when arrayed in this dress, and wearing a profusion of rings and other trinkets, that he must strike the "poor white trash" with awe, if it did not let others know that he was a man of "distinguished consideration." He was somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, and hailed from Mississippi. He frequently made long visits to a relative who lived near Dr. C——'s residence, and it was there he had met Emma. She at once struck his fancy, and hearing that she would fall heir to Dr. C——'s estate, he resolved that he would take her for a wife, but was greatly taken aback when he found that Emma would hardly treat him with ordinary politeness. This piqued him and threw him upon his metal. He thought that he was got up fine enough to suit any girl, and all that he had to do was to ask and the girls would jump at the chance of getting so fine a fellow.

Wharton was not long in discovering that he had a rival in the person of young Bradford, who, he learned, was a favorite with Emma, and would likely carry her off some day unless he prevented it. His first idea was to pick a quarrel and then a fight with Bradford; but he soon ascertained that that would be extremely dangerous business, for Bradford had the reputation of being an extremely quiet, modest man, who endeavored as much as possible to avoid altercations, but that when aroused he was a very dangerous antagonist. This kind of a man it did not suit Wharton to quarrel with. He wanted odds when he fought. If Bradford had been of a meek, yielding disposition, lacking the pluck to fight, Wharton would have gloried in quarreling with him. He therefore determined that he would accomplish his purpose in some other way than by a personal quarrel.

Thus matters stood when the rebellion broke out, and it was with feelings of exultation that Wharton heard that young Bradford adhered to the cause of the Union. He soon left for Mississippi, where, by dint of his money and energy, he succeeded in placing himself at the head of as villainous a set of desperadoes as ever went unhung, by holding out special promises of plunder. He called them Partisan Rangers, organized to defend the altars of Southern homes from the polluting tread of Yankee Hessians. When this band had performed the dirty work of the Secession magnates in Mississippi—work at which the Southern soldier who went into the ranks to meet his Northern enemy in battle-array revolted—Wharton started for Tennessee to carry out the same programme there—extermination to all who refused to join the rebel cause.

When Wharton reached East Tennessee he determined to establish a reputation, that his fame might reach Emma before he called to renew his addresses. But when he did call she treated him with contempt. This so stirred up the devil within him that when he left Dr. C——'s residence he repaired to the camp of his band, and gave the order for a demonstration upon the Bradford farm, and for his men to help themselves.

It was toward dusk when his gang reached the Bradford homestead, and one of the desperadoes ruthlessly fired and killed the elder Bradford as he was sitting on the porch. Others seized an elder brother of Joseph Bradford, and, despite the entreaties of his mother, wife, and children, hung him up to a tree in front of the house—a tree that his father had planted on the day of his birth.

"They were enemies of the South, and deserved all they got!" was the brutal reply of Wharton to the entreaties of the mother to cut down her son before life should become extinct.

The men having a *carte blanche* to plunder, spread themselves about the place, and the women and children fled in terror to escape enormities which they had reason to suppose would be inflicted if they remained. When the ruffians had appeased their thirst for plunder, the incendiary torch was applied to finish the job.

The next morning Joseph Bradford returned home, after a short absence, to behold the old homestead a pile of smouldering ruins, near which was the charred remains of a much-loved father, while not far distant was the inanimate body of a dearly beloved brother suspended from a tree.

For a while his feelings utterly overcame him, and he was aroused from a sort of half stupor by a neighbor who had, with several others, cautiously approached to inter the bodies. They approached cautiously, for they well knew that if any of Wharton's gang discovered them their homes would share the same fate. Among the number was a venerable clergyman, who had been driven from his home in the South because it was known that his son had gone off to join the Union army, and he had sought refuge with his friends in the mountains. This old man read the burial-service in a feeble voice, and then offered up a simple but touching prayer, and the remains were consigned to their mother earth.

After this sacred rite was performed Bradford sought his mother. He found her, with the other members of the family, at Dr. C——'s, and Emma and her mother endeavoring to console them. His interview with them was brief, and their parting trying.

"Mother, I can not stay! I have registered a vow in Heaven, offered upon the grave of my father and brother, that I would never rest so long as a traitor's foot polluted the soil of Tennessee! Emma, I can not thank you now—some other time! Be kind to them. Farewell!"

With which he mounted his horse and rode off.

Reader, were you ever in the mountains at night? Not on a clear, balmy night, when the air is fragrant with choicest incense and bright with stars; but a night when the flood-gates of heaven are open, and the thunder leaps from peak to peak, with the winds shattering and uprooting the monarchs of the forest, striking terror to all living things, driving man as well as beast to seek shelter from the fury of the elements: when the Great Bear above follows the example of the lesser bears below, and seeks shelter of a friendly cloud, so that not even the pointers to the North Star are visible? Were you ever in the mountains on such a night?—a night when darkness was upon the face of Nature, and a dark cloud hovering over your fortunes enshrouding those whom you held most dear, who were clinging to you for safety, depending upon your strong right arm and valiant heart to shield them from human hell-hounds, who had driven them from their homes, and were on their track thirsting for your blood because you would not hunt under the same leash?—You have not? Then you know not what it is to be a Unionist of East Tennessee, nor the price those men have paid for refusing to bow down to Gesler's cap stuck upon a pole in the market-place. Talk not to those men of compromise, or "peace at any price," with the besotted wretches who have wantonly driven them from happy homes—thrust the torch of the incendiary under the roof-tree of the old homestead, and left their helpless families to the mercy of the elements, until justice has been appeased and the devil has got his due!

It was on such wild night as this that a group of men, women, and children were cowering beneath a cleft in the rocks to shield themselves, as much as possible, from the fury of the storm, which they had chosen to encounter rather than intrust themselves to the mercy of their own race.

When the storm had spent its fury, some leaves and brush were gathered from a nook that had protected them from the water, and a fire was kindled to dry the garments of the women and children.

The fire had not been burning much over an hour before they were surrounded by a body of soldiers. The smoke had revealed their hiding-place.

The poor hunted fugitives now gave themselves up for lost; their number was too small to think of offering any resistance, which, if offered, would only aggravate the cruelty that would be practiced toward the women and children. However, their fears were soon relieved; for, instead of enemies, the soldiers proved to be friends, under the command of Bradford, who recognized among them two of the neighbors who had assisted at his father's burial. They had been driven from their homes by Wharton's desperadoes.

The mission which Bradford had sought was to destroy this ruffian band, and succor refugees in the mountains, and enable the men to gain the Union lines. He escorted those whom he had found to a place where the women and children would be cared for—the men eagerly asking the privilege of joining his command. From them he gained much needed information, and arranged his plans accordingly.

It would be needless, for the purpose of this sketch, to trace Wharton and his partisans in all their outrageous acts upon almost defenseless people. He took care, in the regions which he passed through, to avoid a conflict with Union troops, if their numbers were nearly equal with his own—he still wanted odds in his favor when he fought. His mission was to carry the horrors of a savage warfare to the hearths of those Southerners who were true to the Union their fathers had fought to establish. After an absence of some weeks he again returned to the vicinity of Dr. C——'s residence, and made repeated efforts to gain an interview with Emma, but they were of no avail. She persisted in refusing to see him.

This action on the part of Emma chafed Wharton terribly. He determined to make her his wife whether she was willing or not, and would hesitate at no means, however violent, to accomplish that object. Of course, the first step to be taken for that purpose was to get her in his clutches beyond the possibility of escape. Having made up his mind on this point, he selected a number of his most trusty followers, and under the cover of night approached Dr. C——'s residence, seized Emma, and bore her off to a place he had arranged for her reception, and where she would be kept secure at his pleasure.

In the struggle to preserve her daughter from the ruffians, Mrs. H—— was so severely injured that, in conjunction with the shock caused by her daughter's abduction, she died in a few days after. Her last moments were tenderly watched by Mrs. Bradford and her widowed daughter-in-law, from whom young Bradford learned the particulars a short time after, he having succeeded in removing the remnants of a once happy family to a relative's in Kentucky who had kindly offered them a home.

Wharton, after months spent in solicitations and threats to induce Emma—who was ignorant of her mother's death—to consent to become his bride, determined on still bolder measures. Having secured the old clergyman who had performed the funeral ceremony at the grave of the Bradfords, he one day, after a stormy interview with Emma, told the woman who had charge of her to prepare for a wedding that evening, as he would no longer put up with the girl's whims. He had been trifled with long enough, and he should now finish up the business, as he had a regular minister who would have to perform the service.

When night came a number of the partisans were grouped together in the main room of the house to witness the wedding of their leader; the others, being encamped a short distance off, were regaling themselves with stolen whisky, which was liberally supplied them to celebrate the occasion. The clergyman had received his instructions. He was to proceed quickly with the ceremony, regardless of any interruption on the part of the bride, whom he was informed was a remarkably strange girl, who did not know her own mind from one day to another; that her parents had consented to the marriage; and that she had several times wanted it to take place. The penalty for refusing to obey orders would be a bullet through his skull.

Every thing being in readiness, Emma was brought into the room by the woman who had been her jailer. A few months had wrought a great change in her appearance. She looked many years older. Her countenance had a haggard, care-worn look; but a firm compression of the lips, and a peculiar light in the eyes, evinced a firm, determined spirit that could not be coerced to comply with the wishes of a villain.

A sardonic smile played over the features of Wharton as he ordered the clergyman to proceed with the service.

The old man arose, and approaching the centre of the room, which was of considerable size, offered up a prayer that the Almighty might guide him that night. He then gazed hesitatingly at Emma, who stood near the woman, not knowing what to make of the strange scene. Wharton was close beside her, and the long pause of the venerable minister who had been so unfortunate as to fall into his power irritated him, and he turned scowling toward one of the desperadoes, who at once stepped forward and gave the minister a nudge, at the same moment placing a pistol-barrel against his cheek, and whispering a hissing sound in his ear.

This aroused the minister from his reverie, and he told Wharton to take the lady's hand. It required considerable effort on Wharton's part to do this; and Emma, looking intently at the clergyman, exclaimed:

"In Heaven's name, old man, what mockery is this?"

"Proceed!" shouted Wharton.

The clergyman tremblingly said: "Is there any one who knows aught why these two should not be made man and wife?"

"Release me, ruffian!" shrieked Emma, as with a desperate effort she withdrew her hand from Wharton's hold.

But resistance was in vain. She was soon seized again, and Wharton, foaming with rage, shouted, with a beastly oath,

"Go on, in a hurry!"

The clergyman repeated the question; but this time he was answered by a sharp crack of a rifle, and the next instant he beheld Wharton reel, stagger forward, and fall to the floor with a bullet through his brain.

The desperado had uttered his last oath.

Several other shots followed in rapid succession, and the bodies of half a dozen of the gang were writhing in death-agonies upon the floor. The echoes of the guns had not died away before armed men sprang into the room through the windows and door.

Emma had swooned at the first shot, but she awoke to find herself among friends.

"Wa'al, I reckon thar ain't many of them thar gorrillers left to skin or hang, articles or no articles of war!" exclaimed private Jackson, about two hours after the above scene occurred, as a body of victorious troops were returning toward the Union lines.

"Where are our prisoners?" said one of the soldiers, looking around.

"Yes, whar, oh! whar are they? Did you see any?" ejaculated Jackson.

"That gang is pretty effectually wiped out," replied one of the Tennesseeans who had joined the command in the mountains. "I don't believe many made their escape from the camp, for we sprung the trap just in the nick of time, and the business of those at the wedding was finished nicely."

"Clean up!" said Jackson.

The whole party reached the Union lines in safety, and a few days after Bradford prevailed upon Emma to accept the escort of a friend who was on his way to Kentucky, and take up her abode with his mother for the present.

A few weeks after the battle of Missionary Ridge private Jackson, who, with several of his comrades, was *en route* for home on furlough, stopped at a hotel in Louisville, and, claiming the privilege of the first treat, said,

"Boys, here's to Major Bradford and his bride! May Old Abe appint him commander of the gorriller districts, and we be with him on all speshul sarvices!"

TO THE SOLDIER.

Do you think that we forget you,
  That our hearts to self are sealed,
Seeking comfort, pleasure, riches,
  While you waste in camp and field?

Do you think our greatest care is
  That we win in party strife,
While the fever stills your pulses,
  Or the death-wound drains your life?

When you marched to battle for us
  And the sacred rights of man,
Then we took the rearward places,
  Unto you we gave the van.

In the future heard we voices,
  Not pronouncing names we bear,
Saw you standing girt with glory,
  Saw ourselves in shadow there.

Heard your children say at evening,
  "Years to-day our father fought!"
While our children blush beside them
  For the deeds we never wrought.

"Yes," you say, "you yielded to us
  Honor's doubtful, empty breath,
Dim and distant starry praises,
  Far behind the clouds of death.

"Sweet it is to live, far sweeter
  Than to lie beneath the sod;
Few the prayers for death that mortals
  Lift unto the ear of God."

But we have a son or brother
  In the terrible wild fray,
And in death he writhes one moment,
  In love's anguish we for aye.

Nay, the blood mounts with the battle,
  Certain danger loses much
Of the horror of the unseen,
  We fear little what we touch.

While we start erect in dreaming
  With the spasm of the blow
That has killed him, he is laughing
  By the evening camp-fire's glow.

Thus our souls are with you, naked
  In the perilous battle front,
While you fight in double armor
  Of excitement and of wont.

Then by all the bonds that give us
  Each with each a common doom,
By the dark ways of your suffering,
  By our sympathetic gloom,

By our hopes to you intrusted,
  By your hopes of just return,
By our different sacrifices
  That on common altars burn,

Think not ill of us, O Soldier!
  Though the death-stroke lay you low,
While we do not seem to shiver
  At the echo of the blow.

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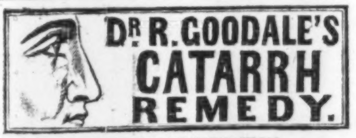

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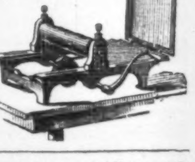

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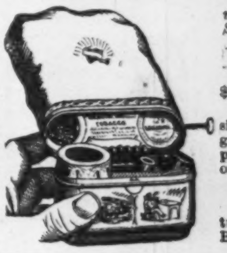

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